

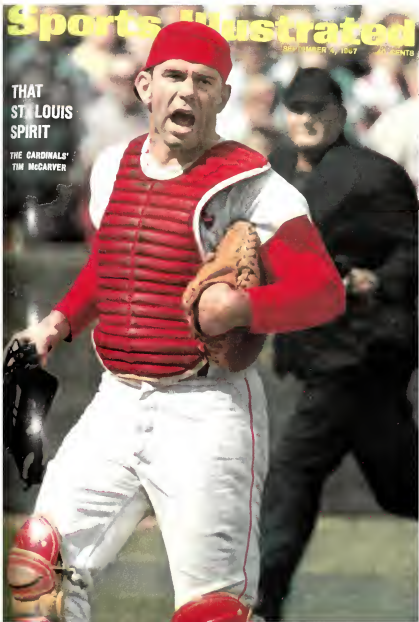
# Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 4, 1967

20 CENTS

## THAT ST. LOUIS SPIRIT

THE CARDINALS'  
TIM MCCARVER



"It's not how long  
you make it..."

"It's how you  
make it long!"



We make our long cigarette with an extra measure of that famous good taste that has made Winston America's largest-selling cigarette! Buy a pack today.

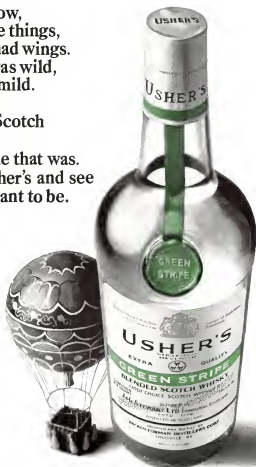
**NEW WINSTON SUPER KINGS!**

**U**sher's was light when  
the buffalo roamed,  
our capitol was domed,  
taxes were low,  
the mails were slow,  
balloons were the things,  
and only angels had wings.  
When the west was wild,  
only Usher's was mild.  
You see, Usher's

**Green Stripe Scotch**  
was light in 1853.

It's the only one that was.

Try a sip of Usher's and see  
how light was meant to be.

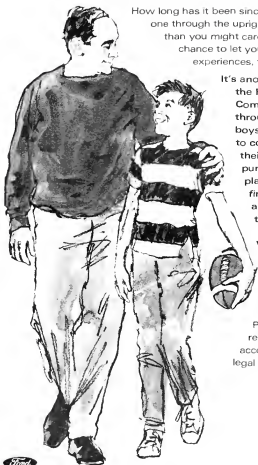


**The original light Scotch**

"Hike...1-2-3-4!"

Sound familiar, dad? Is that the way  
you called 'em when you were a kid?

How long has it been since you tried to boot  
one through the uprights? Maybe longer  
than you might care to think. Here's your  
chance to let your boy have some great  
experiences, too.



It's another Ford better idea...  
the Ford—NFL Punt, Pass & Kick  
Competition for boys 8  
through 13. PP&K gives  
boys the opportunity  
to compete with others  
their own age in  
punting, passing and  
place-kicking. They can  
find excitement, thrills  
and awards...like trophies,  
trips to NFL games  
to compete, and to  
Washington and Miami  
for the NFL play-off game.

There's no body contact.  
Your boy will receive a free  
tips book written by top NFL  
players, and an official  
PP&K lapel pin, when he  
registers. All boys must be  
accompanied by a parent or  
legal guardian to enter.



**SIGN UP YOUR BOY NOW...REGISTRATION CLOSES OCTOBER 6  
AT PARTICIPATING FORD DEALERS DISPLAYING THE PP&K SIGN**

# Contents

SEPTEMBER 4, 1967 Volume 27, No. 10

Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

## 12 The AFL Has a Taste of Glory

*Kansas City humbled Chicago, Buffalo and Houston played well and pro football's two big leagues were almost one*

## 16 A Hopeful Time for All

*A big horse-racing week at the world's most famous resorts is highlighted by a fast young colt at Saratoga*

## 22 Out in Front in Fun and Games

*The high-spirited St. Louis Cardinals are running away with the National League pennant*

## 28 To No One's Surprise: "Intrepid"

*There was never much doubt as to who would defend the America's Cup this time, but at last it was official*

## 30 He's Old Hat to Australians

*John Newcombe has been a world-tour tennis player for seven years, but now at 23 he is making his big move*

## 34 Striped Bass in a Canvas Chronicle

*An artist who is also a spearfisherman pictures the underwater colors of a favorite fish of saltwater anglers*

## 40 Lock the Doors!

*UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro is accused of being tricky—and admits it. He also is one of football's best coaches*

## 58 The Hustle of Texas Billy

*He can't see too well and he looks like a sucker, but Billy Mays knows a dozen ways to beat you. By Gilbert Royce*

## The departments

- |                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 9 Scorecard      | 57 Bridge          |
| 46 Sporting Look | 69 Baseball's Week |
| 49 People        | 70 For the Record  |
| 50 Baseball      | 71 19th Hole       |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 240 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Liana, President, D. W. Burnhough, Treasurer, Bernard Burns, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Classes Canada and for payment of postage in cash Continental U.S. subscription \$8 a year, Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year; material purchased anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all other \$14 a year.

Credits on page 75

## Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1967 gets under way with a new emphasis on the fight for No. 1. For the first time our football staff picks the Top 20 teams and provides an extensive scouting report on each. Dan Jenkins writes of the mystique of national rankings, explores how the football polls began and tells why coaches are paying more and more attention to them. Robert Cantwell probes the strange relationship between Ohio State and Columbus. Nine pages of color photographs show national championship contenders in action, an assessment of the major conference races suggests the fates of both haves and have-nots, the best small-college teams are picked and pro scouts offer their choices of the players to watch in '67. Plus, of course, a full budget of regular features and news.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

## Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1958-1962

Editor-in-Chief: Redley Dawson

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Hunkeler

Publisher: James A. Luce

Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffin

Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Latham

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre

Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston

Assistant Managing Editor: John Tibby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Gungel

Senior Editors: Walter Rughart, Robert H. Rife, Arthur L. Bravley, Robert Castelli, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crutcher, Roger S. Hain, Jr., Martin Kane, Hamilton B. Macle, Jack Olson, Cole Porter, Gilbert Rogen, Kenneth Rogers, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tux, Whitney Tower, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Geoffrey S. Brown, John Carroll, Frank DeLoe, Dan Jenkins, William Johnson, Virginia Kauf, Mudd Kinn, William Legett, Bob Ottum, Edwin Shorke, Les E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. R. Werner, Len Woodcock

Staff Writers: Pete Authen, Claude Barnes, Tom C. Brady, John Campbell, Alan C. Higgins, Robert M. Jones, Joe Latta, Barbara La Fontaine, Mark Mundy, Harold Pomeroy, Gary Rosenberg, Patricia Ryan, Liz Smith

Photography: picture mirror, John M. Stubbart, Henry, George J. Woodcock, assistant, Betty Dick, Dorothy Metz, contributors: PHOTOGRAPHY, Les Patterson, Jerry Cooke, Gerry Crutcher, James DeLoe, Walter Jones, William Legett, Richard Link, Marvin E. Nemme, Herb Schaffman, Brian Seed, Art Shay, Tony Truitt

Writer-Reporters: Chris, Ronan Fitzpatrick, Kenneth Bruce, Kim Chaplin, Gary Flood, Carry Kinn, Pamela Knight, Morton Skunk, Steven Winkoff, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Ann Johnson, Elizabeth Kravitz, Julia Laro, Felicia Lee, Ruth M. Linder, Rose Mary McGee, Felicia Murphy, Paula Phelps, Sarah Pines, Michael Quinn, Johnnie Rodgers, Deane Rogers, Lynn Simon, Christina Walcott

Special Contributors: Charles Gagne (Cord), Caroline Mitchell (Tackling), William F. Talbot (Tennis)

Producers: Gene W. Ulrich (Manager), William Gallagher, Wayne Paulsen, Cory Price, Robert Grier (Chief), Jerry DeLoe, Richard Seed, Barbara Gordon, Ben Horman, Helen Taylor

Administrative Associate: Maxine Harris

Art Department: Harvey Gray, Martin Nathan (Artistic Director), William Harrison, Brenda F. Marley, Catherine Smekel, Thomas Vandenhardt, Thomas Vink-Latham

Editorial Assistant: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stepien

Special Correspondents: Grant, Earl Barlow, assistant, Elizabeth McIntyre, Alvin Brown, Art Nagel, Anchorage (Alaska), John Ratterman; Atlanta, Jim Mince; Austin (Texas), Jimmy Duke; Baltimore, Walter Ward, Bates Rugg, Dan Hardin, Jeffery (West); Baltimore, Andy (John), Ray Giffey; Boston, Lee Mennan, Ralph, Dick Johnson; Carson City (Nev.), Guy Knapp Jr.; Charlotte (N.C.), Warren Koon; Charlotte (N.C.), Ronald Gagne, Charlotteville (Pa.), Chris Crutcher, Chicago, William Fetting, Cleveland, Jim Schenckel; Cleveland, Charles Heaton, Columbus (OH), Kay Kender, Dallas, Paul Wynn, Wes Wynn, Denver, Bob Rogers; Des Moines, Steve Adler; Detroit, Rita Waldman; Greenville (N.C.), Steve Barrer, Huntington (Pa.), John Turner, Honolulu, Ted Kerner; Houston, Jack Gallagher; Indianapolis, Dick Perry; Jacksonville, Bill Kurell; Kansas City, Theodore O'Leary; Las Vegas (Nev.), Tom DeLoe, Lexington (Ky.), Larry Van Hise; Louisville, Linda Barry; Memphis, Charles Gagne, Miami, Edwin Pope, Minneapolis, Dick Giffey; New York, New York, New Mexico (N.M.), Bill Giffey; New Orleans, Peter Gagne; Oklahoma City, Harold Soley; Omaha, Neely Latta; Philadelphia, Geraldine; Phoenix, (Ariz.) Frank Gagne, Pittsburgh, Eddie Baehler, Portland (Ore.), John White, Providence, John Harrison, Salt Lake City, George Ferguson, San Antonio, John Jones, San Diego, Jack Murphy, San Francisco, Art Rosenberg, Seattle, Emmett Johnson, Seattle (Wash.), Joe DeLoe, St. Louis, Dick Thompson, St. Petersburg (Fla.), Gordon Marston, Spokane (W. Va.), Red Vander Vint, Tallahassee (Fla.), L. M. McArthur, Washington, D.C., Washington, D.C., Martin Zelt; Whelan-Sole (N.C.), Bob Harrison

Circulation: Florence Arthur Sprad, Ottawa, Dillie O'Leary; Toronto, Ben MacLennan; Vancouver, Eric Woodhead

Foreign Bureau: cover, Richard M. Cherman; service, John Boyle

Publisher: Garry Vail

Advertising Sales Director: Harry Seltzer, Jr.

Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowen

General Manager: J. Richard Manno

This week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** serves up for your deflection a story on a shuffleboard hustler. A *what?*

That, of course, was Dallas Correspondent Wes Wise's reaction, too, when he was asked to locate one for us. Reading on, he found that Gil Rogin's wife asking the whereabouts of one Texas Billy Mays illuminated the matter somewhat. The telegram specified that table shuffleboard was that game usually played in the recesses of bars such as *The Hideaway* or *The Alibi* and

ing for, One Mays took it as an insult that I would even think he would indulge in such a low-life pastime. Another wanted to hear all about the sport of shuffleboard—probably would have become a fast fan had I had the time to explain. Still another thought it was a practical joke from one of his buddies—and probably still thinks so.

After finishing the Dallas phone book and starting on the rest of Texas, Wise began to lose hope. "That's when I took to the airways," Wise says. "On my *Sportsweek* program I voiced a fervent plea: 'If anyone in KRLL's \$0,000-watt broadcast area knows about Billy Mays, the expert shuffleboard player . . .'"

One of the last of KRLL's \$0,000 pushed the message as far as Shreveport, La., and there it caught up with a former employer of Mays's, who called Wise. "Billy plays shuffleboard at the Silver Seven Lounge every Wednesday night," W. G. (Red) Oster counseled. "You're sure to find him there after 9 o'clock." Wise thanked his informant profusely and was about to hang up. "A friendly word of warning," the man said. "Billy's a nice fella, but if you wanta keep your money, don't ever bet against him."

Wise filed his observations after a rollicking evening with Mays and his wife. Rogin and Wise attended the world table-shuffleboard championships with Mays. Rogin went on the shuffleboard tour with Mays. The result is the story beginning on page 58.

This is not the only time Wise was used radio to help **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. (Once he located a checkers champion in Waco.) Not surprisingly, his listeners lap this up, wondering what sort of nut thing this Wise guy is going to be looking for next. Whatever it is, we hope it will be for us.



CORRESPONDENT WISE IMMERSED IN HIS JOB

that Texas Billy was the acknowledged world champion.

Wise was still almost unbelieving. He wrote **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**: "I shall never cease to be amazed at SI's tentacles for drawing in information. How the hell did you guys ever get on to a shuffleboard shark?"

As a matter of fact, Memphis Stringer Charlie Gillespie put us onto Mays (indirectly), but Wise's question was rhetorical. By the time the editors could think up a smart answer to send back to Wes, he was too busy to appreciate it: "I started calling the numerous Bill, Billy and William Mayses in the Dallas telephone book. I met with many reactions, none of them the one I was hop-

Garry Vail



## Our man in

Albuquerque, Algiers,  
Allentown, Amarillo,  
Athens, Atlanta, Azores,  
Baltimore, Bangkok,  
Bethlehem, Bombay, Boston,  
Cairo, Chicago, Cincinnati,  
Clearwater, Cleveland,  
Columbus, Dar es Salaam,  
Dayton, Denver, Detroit,  
Dhahran, Easton, Entebbe/Kampala,  
Frankfurt, Geneva, Harrisburg,  
Hartford, Hong Kong, Indianapolis,  
Kansas City, Las Vegas, Lisbon, London,  
Los Angeles, Louisville, Madrid, Miami,  
Milan, Nairobi, Nashville, Newark,  
New York, Oakland, Oklahoma City,  
Paris, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Pittsburgh,  
Rome, St. Louis, St. Petersburg,  
San Francisco, Shannon, Springfield,  
Tampa, Tel Aviv, Tripoli, Tucson,  
Tulsa, Tunis, Washington, Wichita, Zurich

**Fly with the pilots  
who fly the world.**

Welcome  
to the world of  
**TransWorld Airlines®**  
...the all-jet airline



Serviceable cities as indicated by TWA flight schedule.

Our own © Captain Y. L. Lawrence of Kansas City—29-year and 100,000-mile, ends of flying—40 years at the business end of TWA airlines

# Stop reading like they did 100 years ago.

100 years ago, people read the way you're reading right now.

Word by word. About 300 or so words a minute.

And 100 years ago, that kind of reading didn't cause any problems. You could keep up with what was happening pretty well.

But today, our knowledge is exploding so fast that people who want to keep ahead are actually falling behind. There's simply too much to read. Too much homework. Too many magazines. Too many books. Too many reports and memos.

What's the solution? Learn how to read faster and better.

You can do it, too. So far over 300,000 other people have done it. People with different jobs, different IQ's, different interests, different educations. Students, businessmen, housewives.

These people have all taken a course developed by Evelyn Wood, a prominent educator. And all

of them have at least tripled their reading speed with equal or better comprehension. Most have increased it even more. Some have increased it 10, even 20 times.

Think for a moment what that means.

All of them—even the slowest—now read an average novel in less than two hours. They read this ad in 8 seconds. They read entire issues of Time Magazine in 15 minutes.

They don't skip or skim, either. They read every single word. Nor do they use machines. Instead, they let the material they're reading determine how fast they read.

And—mark this well—they actually understand more and remember more and enjoy more than when they read like you. That's right. They understand more. They remember more. They enjoy more.

You can do the same thing—even if you're a relatively slow

reader now. We guarantee it.

*In fact, if you don't at least triple your reading speed with equal or better comprehension, the course won't cost you a thing.*

This is the same course President Kennedy had his Joint Chiefs of Staff take. The same one Senators and Congressmen have taken.

It's eight weeks long. 2½ hours a week, with classes held regularly throughout the Chicago area.

Shouldn't you find out more about it? You can, simply by coming to a free one hour orientation.

We'll show you a film. Explain the course more fully. Answer any questions you might have.

You'll be under no pressure to enroll. If you want to, fine. If you don't want to, fine. But do come. It could change your life.

For a schedule of these orientations, use the coupon below, or phone ST 2-9787.



## The Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Institute

SD-67

180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601. Phone: ST 2-9787.

Please send me additional information. I understand that I am under no obligation and no salesman will call.

Name

Address

City  State  Zip Code





Send your team captain  
to the best lanes,  
pro shop, or men's store  
in town;  
or write:

HILTON Bowling Shirts  
715 N. Kedzie Ave.  
Chicago, Ill. 60612



*Do more for  
your score!*

# Hilton

The Aristocrat of  
**BOWLING  
SHIRTS**

of  
**100% Acrilan<sup>®</sup>**  
ACRYLIC FIBER

guaranteed  
for one full  
year's normal wear

- BRILLIANT COLORS
- WASH & WEAR
- COLOR FAST
- MACHINE WASHABLE
- NON-ALLERGENIC
- NON-SHRINKABLE



**You  
can help  
too...**

Red Cross reaches out to a lonely child in Atlanta, a weary GI in Viet Nam, a hurricane-stricken family in Louisiana. Red Cross instructors teach youngsters to swim. Red Cross first aid cares for an injured skier in Vermont. Red Cross blood saves a life in Detroit. All over the United States and around the world Red Cross people are there—helping, working, serving other people. The help they give depends entirely on you. Serve and support the Red Cross in your community!



**JOIN UP...  
JOIN IN**



A man is shown from the chest up, wearing a vibrant orange long-sleeved button-down shirt. The shirt has a pointed collar and white buttons. He is also wearing a black belt with a silver buckle. The background is dark and out of focus.

# Decton Perma-Iron: the no-iron shirt that doesn't mean maybe.

Wash it.

Tumble dry.

Wear it. That's all.

Rich oxford in a choice

of 21 vivid colors.

"Sanforized-Plus."


Dacron® polyester and  
cotton blend.

Arrow Cum Laude.

\$7.00.

**—ARROW—**

Gen. U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

A black and white photograph of a man drinking from a Heineken beer bottle. The bottle is tilted, and the beer is being poured into a glass. The man's face is partially visible, and he appears to be enjoying the drink. The bottle label is clearly visible, showing the Heineken logo and the text 'HEINEKEN LAGER BEER' and 'BREWED IN HOLLAND'. The glass is filled with a golden beer topped with a thick head of foam.

**Heineken  
tastes tremendous.  
And that's not  
just putting  
words in your mouth.**

**IMPORTED HEINEKEN. HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW, IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAFT.**

# Traveling for a living is no way to live.



It's been said that traveling is a broadening experience.

What hasn't been said is that traveling is just as likely to flatten you as it is to broaden you.

There's no way of telling how many ulcers have been helped along by the endless lines at ticket desks and rent a car counters.

Or how many colds began as a result of getting caught in the rain without a raincoat.

Or how many cases of indigestion could have been avoided simply by knowing which restaurants to avoid.

Or how many headaches stemmed

from discovering that whoever named the Grand Imperial Crown Hotel was given to overstatement.

The exact numbers aren't really important anyway. Except maybe to the American Medical Association.

What is important, is that a lot of people are having a lot of difficulty traveling. And as fellow people, we'd like to help a little.

So from now on when you come up to a Hertz counter in any large city, don't feel hesitant about asking for something besides a car.

If you're a stranger in any one of America's 28 largest cities, we'll give

you the world's most complete guide on how to survive in that city. It not only tells you where to eat and sleep, it also tells you where to get your hair cut, pawn your watch, have a night on the town, and even where to find an all night drugstore.

If you know where you're going, but haven't the vaguest idea of how to get there, we'll give you a map of the area and diagram it to make it absolutely clear.

If you run short of money and have a Hertz charge card, we'll give you \$10 cash on your IOU and tack it on to your rental.

If you know you're going to be late getting to your hotel, we'll phone ahead and tell them you're coming and not to give up on you.

If it's raining and you left your raincoat home because the weatherman said it was going to be sunny, we'll give you a raincoat.

If you're running to catch a plane, we won't make you stand in line to check in your car. If you're charging it, all you have to do is stuff your keys inside your rental envelope, write your mileage on the back, drop it on the counter and take off.

If you're going on vacation, we'll give you tour maps that describe the most interesting places to see and the most interesting things to do along the way.

And if you have a problem, but it's not one of those we mentioned, we'll do our best to solve that too.

Now all this doesn't mean that we've forsaken the rent a car business to become a traveler's aid society.

First and foremost, our job is still to rent you a Ford or some other good car that won't add to your problems. And we still have more cars to rent and more places to rent them at than any other rent a car company.

After all, we'd be some big help if we gave you maps and raincoats and loans and didn't give you what you came to us for in the first place.



**Hertz**  
We can help a little.

# World's fastest sports car priced under \$3700.<sup>†</sup>

With a gung-ho V-8 and a sure-footed British chassis, our Sunbeam Tiger puts high-priced competitors on their very best behavior.



Go ahead. Search under \$3700 for a sports car that (1) delivers ultra performance, (2) does 0 to 60 in 9.2 seconds, (3) turns 164 hp @ 4400 rpm.

There's one—Sunbeam Tiger V-8. It puts you wheel-to-wheel with the \$5500-\$7000 jobs.

Tiger's secret? Sunbeam and Chrysler Motors Corporation started with a very tough Class F Alpine, built to sell in volume. (A truly hot car, yet priced under \$2600<sup>†</sup> in the United States!)

They gave it a potent V-8 and matching powertrain and modifications to accommodate same, and out

came Tiger's unique performance/price proposition.

## Spectacular specs

Tiger's own four-speed gearbox is close ratioed, starting with 2.32:1 in 1st. With a 2.88 axle and quick clutch, things happen in a hurry here.

That includes braking. Getting self-adjusting discs (9.85" up front, 9" drums behind). And they're power assisted at all four corners besides!

It also includes steering Rack & pinion, 3:1 turns lock-to-lock. Very positive.

On the road, Tiger reacts without surprises in an es-

pecially smooth over both bad roads and tar strips.

## Comfortable cockpit

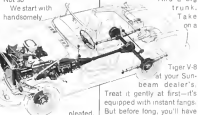
With this much punch at the price, you might suspect some short changing inside. Not so.

We start with handsomely

Adjustable foot pedals. And footwell ventilation to take the curse off a hot day.

You also get a two-speed heater (standard) for cold days. Plus niceties like a lockable console. A walnut dash. An easy-to-work top.

And a big trunk. Take on a



Tiger V-8 at your Sunbeam dealer's.

Treat it gently at first—it's equipped with instant fangs. But before long, you'll have sold yourself a \$3000 head start on competition.

pleated, foam-padded bucket seats. Then make them fully adjustable—with reclining backs.

Then we give you a telescoping steering wheel

<sup>†</sup>Based on a 1964 Sunbeam Alpine. Excludes freight and optional equipment. Dealer's price. For more information, contact Sunbeam Motors Corporation, 10000 Highway 100, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

ROOTES  
**SUNBEAM**

  
**CHRYSLER**  
MOTORS CORPORATION

# SCORECARD

## A GOOD COP IS HARD TO FIND

The professional soccer season approached its end ingloriously at Yankee Stadium last Saturday, though a crowd of 37,063 was on hand and the teams were the highly regarded Inter of Milan and Santos of Brazil, featuring the world famous Pelé. A riot broke out that the miserably few special police were totally unable to control. The "specials" previously had demonstrated their incompetence, and indeed indifference, at Madison Square Garden boxing disturbances.

Santos' Toninho started it off by punching Inter's Dotti after Dotti's teammate, Soldo, had delivered a rough body check against Toninho. Other players joined in the brawl, and 200 or so fans swarmed onto the field to punch and kick the Brazilian referee, Olten Ayres Abreu, when he tried to restore order, and give the same to the Brazilian players, one of whom suffered a cut mouth. The referee was ineffective, but at least he tried. Some special police made a show of trying, but it was clear that their hearts were not in it. After 12 minutes of rioting, a detail of about 30 regular police, who had been waiting outside the Stadium for just such an eventuality, strolled onto the field and restored order almost by their mere presence.

It has been demonstrated that their presence is necessary at certain types of sporting events in New York, especially boxing and soccer when Latin ethnic groups have been competing. But the police department, which criticizes ordinary civilians about not getting "involved" when they witness crimes, has itself been reluctant to get involved in the protection of decent, sportsmanlike fans at sporting events. The specials, overweight and over-age for the most part, are clearly not capable of doing it.

## NONREPRESENTATION

To help pay for Cincinnati's new stadium, the Ohio legislature has cleared the way for the city to impose a hotel or room tax on transients, and now the city coun-

cil is looking for other ways to help finance the structure. One proposal is revival of a plan to subject visiting professional athletes and entertainers to the city's 1% tax on income. It had been tried previously but was dropped when it turned out that the cost of collection exceeded the yield. For instance, there was the problem of what deductions were allowable for the cost of musical instruments, meals and travel. And on one notable occasion the city had to decide what to allow a female snake charmer for maintenance of her boa constrictor.

There must be an easier way for a city to make a buck.

## COMEBACK

Fifty years ago, when she was 15, a young lady who is now Mrs. Edward L. Cooley (Lib Cooley to her friends) won Waukegan's Indian Hill Club golf championship. Thereafter she won it five times more, and a bagful of other titles. Then she got married and seldom played golf, not at all between 1938 and 1951.

Now Mrs. Cooley is 65 and a great-grandmother. The other day she went out on the Indian Hill course and won the club championship for the 13th time with a 54-hole score of 82-83-84. She has, in fact, won it the past four years.

## THE SKY HUNTERS

It takes more than being a good shot to bag a moose. One factor in success may be to use the right airline. Bohman Airways of Ranier, Minn. has built up an especially good name in the business, so much so that it is under fire in Canada.

Bohman flies hunters and fishermen into Manitoba and northwestern Ontario on a charter basis. Last year its three Cessna 180s and one Norseman transported 1,316 passengers on 452 flights into northwestern Ontario—more than any other U.S. line serving the area. What makes Bohman so successful—and is causing it trouble with Canada's Air Transport Board—is its method of helping clients to spot moose.

The hunting is not always good around hunting camps, so Bohman offers more than just transportation. Bohman stays in the air until a herd is spotted, then sets the hunters down nearby, using either pонтон or ski landing gear, depending on the season.

This may well be spoiling business for some of Bohman's less enterprising Canadian competitors, and now the Canadian Air Transport Board is demanding that Bohman show cause why its air license should not be suspended.

## SERMON ON THE TEE

Things are proceeding in some areas just as Pope John XXIII would have wished. C. Scott Marozan, pro at the Kingsboro Golf Club in Gloversville, N.Y., has issued invitations to the golfing clergy of all denominations to take part Sept. 11 in The Ecumenical Open. A collection of \$7.50 per golfer will be taken up.

## INFLATION IN THE MINI-12 MARKET

In this America's Cup year there is, naturally, a certain fervor of excitement about the coming races, and this has led to the marketing of a number of 12-meter models. Cheapest available is a copy of a Sparkman & Stephens design, 30 inches overall and fully found. It may be



had from R. R. Larsen & Co. Inc., South Norwalk, Conn. for \$38.50. It looks just fine on a mantel and can be sailed. Then there is a 12-meter at Abercrombie & Fitch, tagged at a neat \$1,800. She's one-of-a-kind, measures 52 inches overall, is beautifully lequered and with rigging—winches, sheets and halyards—is completely operative.

continued

# DON'T KILL THE MARTINI



## Mix with BOISSIERE

(Say "Bwa-See-Air")

LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRÈS DRY

Bring your Martini to life  
with Boissiere. Crisp...  
subtle...extra dry...the  
connoisseur's vermouth.  
It does make a difference.



SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: S & S  
MUNSON & SPOON CO., NEW YORK

### SCORECARD continued

The topper, though, is a three-foot sterling-silver model being offered by Shreve, Crump & Low of Boston. Described as "a masterpiece in silver artistry," it's yours for \$15,000. Maybe a syndicate could be put together to buy it.

As for the Abercrombie & Fitch number, it was commissioned by the store for a preferred customer who, according to a discreet salesman, "met financial reverses before taking delivery."

### POPULATION EXPLOSION

Sometimes it happens—a river becomes too crowded with fish for fish to survive, for sportsmen to catch them and even for biologists to count them. It has been happening this summer on the Dungeness, a pretty little alder-lined stream that forms an Washington's Olympic Mountains and flows 35 miles north to the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

In 1959, when the Washington state fisheries department began counting the humpback salmon that spawn in the Dungeness, there were 40,000 of them. This summer it was obvious by the end of the second day of the month-long run that there would be many more than that: counters near the mouth of the river had already ticked off 16,000 fish. If the rush continued, late arrivals would destroy the beds where the early comers had spawned. "A crisis was developing," said Earle Jewell, a state biologist, "so we decided to charter purse seiners on an emergency basis. We got fishermen out of bed on a Friday night and managed to have seven of them fishing the outer bay on Saturday and Sunday."

But the commercial fishermen hauled in only some 4,000 fish over the weekend. And by Sunday the counters had registered more than 70,000 swimming up the Dungeness. Humpback salmon, *Oncorhynchus gorbuscha*, are small as salmon go, and they went around, under and through nets intended for bigger sockeye salmon. Next the fisheries department used beach seines manned by department personnel, but that did not work either. At last, five miles of the lower river were opened to sport fishing with hook and line.

That worked. For two weeks some 15,000 men, women and children were up to their icy kneecaps in the swift water of the Dungeness, feverishly taking salmon. By 6:45 every morning fishermen were lined up in front of the Tom Tom Grocery in nearby Sequim to buy

tackle, and they were still buying at 10 o'clock each night. While the rush was on, stores and restaurants did an unanticipated \$100,000 in business.

Some families canned their fish on the banks of the river. In all, the fishermen took at least 15,000 salmon, and probably assured the success of the next run, which will come in 1969.

When the fish and the fishermen left, Jim Minty, a skin diver, went on an underwater search and came up with 200 lures in one short stretch.

### NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

Kentucky will be the first Southeastern Conference team to have a Negro on its varsity this fall. So promised Wildcat Coach Charlie Bradshaw in listing his tentative lineup for Kentucky's opening game against Indiana Sept. 23.

Nat Northington, a 5' 11" 170-pounder from Louisville, will see action as a defensive halfback and safety for Kentucky, and another Negro player, Greg Page, was down for second-string defensive end duty but got hurt.

How conference fans and players will take to the development remains to be seen, but Bradshaw is not worried about Northington's ability to handle himself.

"He's the best defensive back I've seen since I've been coaching at Kentucky," said Bradshaw.

Least concerned of all is Northington. "I played against all-white teams from Vanderbilt and Tennessee last year," he pointed out, referring to his freshman play. "All the boys on both teams were sportsmen. Nobody bothered me."

### CHOOSY LITTLE BIRD

Walking through a cypress swamp in Texas, an ornithologist named John Dennis came upon something that most naturalists believed no one would ever see again—a live ivory-billed woodpecker, a big red-white-and-black bird, larger than a crow, almost the size of a small domestic rooster, a bird so rarely sighted it has been considered extinct or on the edge of extinction for half a century.

The bird was on a tree only 50-odd feet away, and there was no chance of Dennis being mistaken, he is an authority on American woodpeckers. He prudently kept quiet about his discovery lest bird watchers and trophy hunters flock to the scene. Last week, eight months after he sighted the first one,



he reported in Washington that he had found three pairs of ivory-billed woodpeckers and believed there were 10 to 20 surviving birds in the Big Thicket of southeast Texas.

The ivorybill is one bird whose decline cannot be blamed on man's ruthless slaughter. It ate itself out of existence. Ivorybills feed selectively, eating only the larvae of wood-boring insects. There were never very many of them, and these flew over miles of swamps and dug out lots of dead wood searching for a good meal. Mark Catesby, the pioneer naturalist who came to America from England in 1712, was astonished to see a big ivorybill pile up a bushel of chips around the base of a tree in only one hour. In modern forests there were not enough decaying hardwood trees, but, said Alexander Sprunt, "the bird would not or could not adapt itself. . . ."

The Big Thicket is a 300,000-acre tract of swamplands, pine forest, bucko-ry, beech, maple, sycamore and just plain brush that is now being considered as a national park (Dennis was working under an Interior Department contract when he found the ivorybills), and it contains enough dead wood to provide food for even these choosy fowl.

Or it may be that the last surviving ivorybills have decided to do something, rather than just sit around and wait for better times and more decayed trees. Ornithologist Dennis found ivory-billed woodpeckers feeding on insects in pine slashings—which may mean a revolutionary change in eating habits, and adjustment to a changed environment to keep their colorful kind alive.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Frank Howard, Clemson University football coach, on his son, a halfback: "I simply told Jimmy when he got out of high school I wanted him at a school where he could get a fine education and play for the best coach in the country. So he enrolled at Clemson."

• Johnny Dee, Notre Dame basketball coach, on the ABA's decision to use a red-white-and-blue ball: "If they want to be totally patriotic, maybe they should put a star on each side."

• Tom Miner, personnel director for the San Diego Chargers, at the dedication of the \$28 million San Diego stadium:

"I've been to two county fairs and a goat ropin', but I never saw anything like this."

END

## For your "on-the-go" life



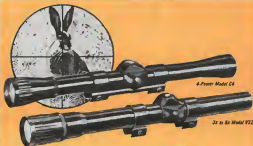
## RCA Victor's new battery-operated tape recorder—\$39.95\*

RCA Victor's lowest-priced recorder plays anywhere on four "C" batteries. The Y J 813 has 4" oval speaker, jacks for 110-V AC adapter (optional, extra), 3" reel of tape, miks, batteries included.

\*Optional with dealer



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics



for more .22 shooting fun **WEAVER SCOPE**  
and accuracy...try a

Choose from three quality WEAVER SCOPES made especially for .22's and other light-recoil rifles.

**C MODELS** are lighter, brighter, more compact. Mount them in seconds, without tools, on any .22 with factory-grooved receiver. See them at your dealer... 4-power C4, \$9.75, 6-power Model C6, \$12.50, including Tip-Off or N Mount.

**VARIABLE-POWER MODEL V22**, 3x to 6x, lets you select the right magnification for your kind of shooting. 1 1/2" blued-steel scope tube; big, bright, achromatic lens

system; accurate internal adjustments. \$14.95 complete with N or Tip-Off Mount.

**FREE** new full-color catalog showing all Weaver Scopes

Name

Address

City

State  Zip

**W. R. WEAVER COMPANY**  
Dept. 40 El Paso, Texas 79916

© 1964 W. R. Weaver Co.



Chicago Quarterback Rusty Bukich beats a fast retreat into the pocket in face of awesome rush led by Chiefs' huge Tackle Buck Buchanan (left).

## THE AFL HAS A TASTE

The Kansas City Chiefs were ahead of the Chicago Bears by 36 points, and now, with less than a minute to play, one of their invisible linebackers intercepted another pass and ran it down to within two yards of the Chicago goal line. At this wild and exhilarating moment not even their own fanatical followers—more than satiated with the 60-24 score already in neon—expected the Chiefs to go all out to score again. The clock flashed past 50 and Quarterback Pete Beathard did the expected: He sent Halfback Bert Coan into the line for no gain, obviously content to run out the clock. The Chiefs on this night had no intention of violating the code of professional sports that decrees mercy today because it could happen to you tomorrow.

Then a stunning thing happened. Beathard called for time out. "Man alive, look down there at the Papa Bear, I believe I see him cryin' myself," said Bobby Bell, the Chiefs' monstrous line-

backer, pointing to the limp figure of Chicago Coach George Halas. "He can't believe all this stuff. Man, but it's time for another touchdown."

On the next play Beathard executed a perfect quarterback bootleg. Almost contemptuously he walked—did not run—around his naked left side into the end zone. Touchdown. Surely now the vengeful Chiefs would not dare attempt to fake a conversion kick and pass instead for two points? They had done this successfully earlier in the game when they were 17 points ahead, and that was shame enough. Fortunately, the Bears will never find out. The snap from center was bobbled, and the slaughter was ended.

Still, the humiliation was complete. The 66-24 defeat was the third worst ever inflicted on the Bears in the 830 games they have played since Halas organized them as the Decatur Staleys in 1920. It represented, in addi-

tion, the most emphatic victory ever scored against anyone by an American Football League team.

"Well, I wonder what the world will say now?" asked sarcastic Chris Burford, the Chiefs' good split end, after the game. "Ever since we lost the Super Bowl last January we have listened to a lot of non-sensical comment about the National Football League and the Green Bay Packers and Mr. Lombardi and how he said we aren't as good as the other top teams in the National Football League—like the Chicago Bears. Now maybe everyone will get off our backs."

The Chiefs, of course, were seeking vindication against the Bears, not only for their 35-10 loss to Green Bay in the Super Bowl, but also for the entire American Football League, which the NFL has casually ignored for most of the past eight years. Kansas City is the best team in the AFL, and if the Chiefs could not beat one of the "top" teams in the NFL,

AT BAT INN



Chief Quarterback Len Dawson. By contrast, seemingly has all right to throw behind strong offensive blocking. He passed for four touchdowns

# OF GLORY

*Kansas City's slaughter of the Chicago Bears was fantastic. It was not tarnished by routine Boston and Buffalo showings, or by a sad San Diego collapse*  
by MARK MULVOY

the stature of the American League consequently would suffer. And if you should question whether Chicago is, indeed, a top team, remember that just five days before the Bears lost to the Chiefs in Kansas City, they played the Packers in Milwaukee and lost by only 18 to 0—permitting the Packers to score only one touchdown. The Chiefs, four days after scoring six touchdowns against the Oakland Raiders, scored nine against the Bears.

NFL teams, however, won the three other interleague exhibitions played last week, although only one of those came as easily as had been expected. The NFL now has won eight of the 11 games played so far during this training season. In all four games last week the NFL teams scored at least a field goal—if not a touchdown—the first time they had the ball, thereby substantiating one AFL coach's observation that his team seemed somewhat awestruck for 10 minutes until

his players realized that all shoulder pads go on over the head.

The Washington Redskins, who had whipped both the Bears and the New York Giants in their previous starts, beat the Patriots, who have won only two exhibitions in five years, 13-7 in Boston, with help from an odd penalty. Trailing 10-7 in the third quarter, the Patriots had a first down at the Redskins' four. Quarterback Johnny Huarte rolled back, while simultaneously the officials signaled that the Redskins' Brig Owens was guilty of defensive holding near the goal line on Boston Fullback Jim Nance.

Huarte finally was tackled back around the 13-yard line, and then the officials marked the five-yard penalty off from there, which gave the Patriots a first down at the eight-yard line instead of the two and, in effect, penalized them and not the offending Redskins. It was an unfortunate call but proper under the rules.

The Philadelphia Eagles, who decisively beat the New York Jets the week before, scored two touchdowns in the last 45 seconds to overtake the Buffalo Bills 38-30. Quarterback Norman Sneed first threw a 40-yard touchdown pass to rookie Flanker Chuck Hughes, and Sam Baker kicked the point that put the Eagles ahead 31-30. Then Joe Scarpati, who spent most of the day driving a National Guard truck from Indiantown Gap, Pa. to Philadelphia and later flew to Buffalo in time to play, intercepted his third pass of the night at the Bills' 30-yard line. He went in to score his second touchdown of the game with 11 seconds to go.

The Bills, who have lost four straight exhibitions, including one to the Detroit Lions, led 27-24 late in the fourth quarter when they stopped the Eagles on a fourth-and-one play at the Philadelphia 26-yard line. The Bills had been successful all night on down-and-out patterns

*continued*

to Art Powell, who caught 10 passes, and to Elbert Dubenion, who caught five, against a rookie corner back named Taft Reed. But for some reason Coach Joe Collier elected to control the ball and play for the field goal.

He got the field goal with slightly less than two minutes to play. "I figured maybe they might be able to get downfield again, and I wanted to take away the field goal that could be the game," explained Collier after the game. But said Joe Kuharich, the Eagles' coach, "We don't ever play for the tie in a game like this."

The Los Angeles Rams were the NFL's biggest response to AFL claims. They massacred the San Diego Chargers. The fearsome foursome of Deacon Jones, Roosevelt Grier, Lamar Lundy and Merlin Olsen threw San Diego quarterbacks for losses continuously during the first half, while the L.A. secondary intercepted two of John Hadl's first five passes and returned them for touchdowns. The score, 50-7, could have been worse, but Ram Coach George Allen sent in his reserves.

Like the Rams' rout of the Chargers, the exhibition staged earlier in the week was never a game, not, at least, after the first quarter when the Chiefs learned how the Bears' sorrowfully impotent defense would react—or, rather, fail to react—to all the formations they execute with

military precision. Most teams in professional football use only two or three formations and try to win the way the Packers do: with perfect fundamental execution. The Dallas Cowboys use a number of formations, and now even the Baltimore Colts are beginning to operate from an I formation once in a while. But the Chiefs use at least seven and as many as 12 formations in a game, giving them the most varied offense in football. "We thought we were prepared for everything they had," Richie Petitbon, the Bears' safety man, tried to explain after the game. "But there's a difference going up against them and watching them on film."

The afternoon before the game Coach Hank Stram of the Chiefs sat in his training-camp office at William Jewell College in Liberty, Mo. He explained what he expected both teams would do that night.

"Remember, this is not just another exhibition," he said, "but I haven't said too much about it. They know it's the Bears they're playing. Sometimes words don't have any meaning, they're unimportant. This may be that time. We don't want to get so emotional that we won't play our game. If we do the job with the shoulder pads, all else will be taken care of."

Looking at the Chiefs' new offense on the blackboard, Stram said, "This is our

new Tight-I formation, with the tight end always lined up behind the quarterback. He can go out from there and create more formations. This provides variety, and that is the personality of our club. Variety reduces the effectiveness of the other team, because they don't know what to expect. A team that plays basic formations, for instance, is somewhat easy to defend, because there are so few things to look for."

The problem of trying to contain a formation such as the Tight I is relatively simple to explain. When the Chiefs set up in the formation, the Bears, Stram pointed out, would set up in a very loose Oklahoma preshift defense. When the Chiefs' tight end moved somewhere into the line, the Bears could shift their defense to compensate. The Chiefs, however, had one simple method for dealing with this nonsense, to work on quick counts—say at hup, instead of three or four—so the defense would not have enough time to adjust correctly.

The Bears' offense, meanwhile, did not concern Stram too much. "They'll probably take the same approach Green Bay did and run the left side," Stram said, "and they'll try to set up a mismatch between Gale Sayers and a linebacker on one-and-one situations. We expect that. But to me teams that win have solid quarterbacks, and the Bears don't have that established leader."



Pierce live play in the Boston (dark uniforms)-Washington game almost erased downed official



Eagles' Joe Scarpan races into end zone for

That night it appeared for a time that aged Rudy Bukich, who started at quarterback for the Bears (Jack Concannon, the scrambler they received in the trade with Philadelphia for Mike Ditka, had a sore arm), might be Bart Starr in disguise. He calmly moved the Bears from their own 20 to the Chiefs' 28, and then Rookie Bruce Alford kicked a field goal for a 3-0 lead.

Meanwhile the Chiefs were doing nothing with the Chicago defense, led by Dick Butkus at middle linebacker. Then suddenly it started to happen. "We figured out what they were doing defensively, and we started to catch them with our fast counts as they were shifting their defenses," said Chiefs' Quarterback Lennie Dawson. "And they were covering Ottis Taylor real close. I don't think they knew our personnel, because otherwise they would have known that you can't cover Ottis too close or else he'll be gone all the time."

Taylor was flaring out to either side in a variation of the I the Chiefs call the Cock-I, the flanker back seemed to move at will. Toward the end of the first quarter, Dawson rolled right at his own 30 on one of the Chiefs' play-action passes, stopped and fired to Taylor down along the sidelines. He was standing alone when he caught the ball, and in a matter of moments he high-stepped away from Bennie McRae, who had rushed up, and

was gone for a touchdown. The Chiefs scored touchdowns the next four times they had the ball, with Dawson passing for three of them and Mike Garrett running for the fourth. They led 39-10 at the half. The Bears' only touchdown came when Dick Gordon returned a kickoff 103 yards.

"I figured," said Dawson, "that once we got them playing our type of game we could do everything we wanted. Then it got like any game that is out of hand—a little ridiculous." The Chiefs simply were a better team, deeper and smarter, and they had an offense that the Bears had never seen in a game before and probably hope they will never see again. "It was easier to win," said Hank Stram, "than to explain why we didn't."

Two nights later in Buffalo Joe Collier had some difficulty trying to explain why the Bills had lost to the Washington Redskins in the final 45 seconds, while next door Joe Kuharch was saying, "We were the ones who lucked out at the end this time."

The Bills and the Eagles were a close match. Buffalo's defensive line, the best in the AFL and somewhat comparable to the front four of the Los Angeles Rams, and linebackers—Mike Stratton, Harry Jacobs and John Tracey, who have started 72 straight games together—harnessed the Eagles' running game, but the Bills' secondary was weak against

Snead's passes, especially to Tight End Ditka. The Eagles' left side on defense, Don Hultz, Floyd Peters and Linebacker Mike Morgan, forced the Bills to concentrate the other way, and Scarpati in the secondary helped to compensate for some of Taft Reed's mistakes. "The longest night of my life," said Reed, trying to explain how Powell and Dubenion caught all those passes.

If anything, the interleague exhibitions so far have proved that American League football, in general, is still behind the NFL on a collective basis, although Kansas City, for one, could play any NFL team today with an equal chance of winning. The Chiefs' overpowering victory impressed everyone except, perhaps, Buffalo's Collier.

"What does it prove?" he asked. "What do they all prove? Chicago wasn't that good, and these are exhibitions. They mean a lot to the fans, maybe, but not really that much to the players and the coaches. The only way to find out how good the respective leagues are is to play during the regular season, when you use your best offensive and defensive personnel the entire game. Then you can learn something."

Maybe so, but as Mike Pyle, the offensive captain of the Chicago Bears, reflected on the debacle in Kansas City: "We didn't get beat by a bunch of plumbers."

END



First of two scores on intercepted passes.



Chargers' John Hadl, who had a trying day, is overwhelmed by Rams' massive substitute line.

*There were horse races for everybody at the world's famous resorts last week, but none could equal the feature at the track they call The Spa, where a young colt turned in an old-pro performance*

## A HOPEFUL TIME FOR ALL

by WHITNEY TOWER

**B**oat the Continent, Great Britain or America-coast-to-coast, August is resort month. With an eye on the sky and their summer fast vanishing, vacationers move to the spas and the sea, and the sport of horse racing moves with them. Last week, as relaxing crowds lined the rails hoping for the best, the Thoroughbreds were off at France's Deauville, at Brighton on the Channel coast of England and at California's Del Mar, from whose grandstand the Pacific can be seen.

But nowhere was the racing tradition more hallowed or the event more important than at stately Saratoga, the famed old watering spot in the foothills of the Adirondacks where the Thoroughbreds have been running for 104 years. There last Saturday afternoon the elegant 2-year-old at right, What a Pleasure, paraded out of the elm-shaded paddock and onto the track, where he came from behind to win the 63rd running of the Hopeful Stakes, the closing-day classic at Saratoga.

The Hopeful is a significant race because it is the first meeting of America's most promising 2-year-olds at six and a half furlongs. It is supposed to, and often does, separate the ordinary sprinters from the colts who will make racing history in the 3-year-old season to follow. In the past 15 years Hopeful winners have included Native Dancer, Nashua, Needles, Jazpur and Buckpasser. The event also attracts racing's big names.

Widener, Whitney, Vanderbilt, Mellon and this year's biggest name, Phipps. Coming out of Wheatley Stable, with Eddie Neley as his trainer, Bruhuo Baeza in his saddle and Bold Ruler in his bloodline, What a Pleasure had a lot going for him before the Hopeful began.

Though the colt did not start particularly well, Baeza moved him precisely and perfectly, first out of sixth place in the backstretch, then up to fourth midway through the final turn and finally between horses to beat a surging 43-to-1 shot, Royal Trace, by a head and the tiring Exclusive Native by a neck more.

Subpet, the favorite in the nine-horse field, ran uninspiringly to finish fifth, while Pappa Steve, the early pacesetter, performed like many of his California-

breed contemporaries: he stopped dead at the 16th pole and came in last.

It is hardly a surprise that the Phippess' Wheatley Stable should have won the Hopeful, and even less of a surprise that a son of Bold Ruler pulled off the feat, for he has become one of the more astonishing stallions of the decade, a sire of an abundance of stakes winners, even if few of them relish the classic distances.

So rich with talent are the Phipps horses that What a Pleasure, now a winner of four of his six starts and second in the other two, does not impress Trainer Neley all that much. "He has speed, all right," says Neley, "and a certain amount of versatility, but he is a little light in flesh and we have no idea yet how he's going to like the longer distances."

The Phipps family, which has been threatening for the last few years to break up the game for everyone else, what with record earnings and million-dollar winners like Buckpasser, has a strong bench in the event that What a Pleasure fails when the distances get longer. Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, mistress of Wheatley Stable, has a promising colt in Funny Fellow, while her son, Ogden Phipps, is the owner of an Ambiorix colt named Jaunty and another fine Bold Ruler, Vitriolic, who has gone to Chicago's Arlington Park for the Arlington-Washington Futurity on Sept. 9.

Finally, there is one Bold Ruler—also on display at Saratoga last week—who may like all distances and who could be the best 2-year-old of either sex. She is Ogden Phipps' undefeated (5 for 5) filly, Queen of the Stage, who won the Spinaway on Wednesday. "We've got her in the Futurity just in case," grinned Neley, in the very act of toasting What a Pleasure's victory at Saratoga.

Perhaps Queen of the Stage is the fastest of all, but as the scenes on the following pages show, the winner of the Hopeful best summarizes this week's resort racing from Deauville to Del Mar. What a Pleasure.

*Jackey Bravia Baeza, perhaps sensing the victory that is about to come, sits impulsively erect as What a Pleasure is led from the Saratoga paddock late last Saturday afternoon.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COONE  
MARTINE FRANCK, GERRY CRANHAM AND BOSS WALFORD





*At Deauville last week sport and international society mixed as gracefully as ever. The sailing was brisk, the colts were frisky, and on the day of the big race—the \$10,000 Prix Morny—the Aga Khan could be seen discussing the prospects with Baron Guy de Rothschild, the owner of the horse that was about to win.*



Brighton has its share of England's treacherous weather, but last Wednesday, as the field in the feature race came into the long stretch, the sun was out and the crowd colorful. Later (right) a bathos considered tomorrow's sojourn in the "Sporting Life" while other sporting types rode in dodgem cars.





## THE DAYS RACE BY AT THREE BY THE SEA

There were those who sailed and those who swam and those who merely sat and enjoyed the time-honored gastronomical treats of stick candy and hot dogs or vintage Veuve Clicquot and wild strawberries, depending on the setting. But regardless of the varying attractions of Deauville, Brighton and Del Mar last week, all three were offering vacationers the refined, almost lazy pleasure of Thoroughbred racing in August.

Seldom does the racegoer find things more refined than he does at century-old Deauville on the French Channel coast, 127 miles from Paris. There he is, in a grandstand framed by geraniums, admiring the enclosure, where owners and their friends sit beneath blue parasols, and observing flowers of yet another variety: those of international society. Indeed, the other day, at the season's finest 2-year-old race, the Prix Morny, there was an unusually glittering assemblage for vacationers who like to practice people watching. Over there was Baron Guy de Rothschild chatting with Prince Karim Aga Khan. And no more than a Pucci shift away were the likes of Dolores Guinness and the Maharani of Rappaport. Ah, Deauville. It was just as an old-timer, sipping champagne between races, had said: "Next to a woman, what is there more beautiful than a horse? In Deauville we have both."

Well, the Baron de Rothschild, at least, had both. With Audrey Hepburn, his guest, straining her pretty neck to see the finish, the Baron's prize filly Madina won the Prix Morny by the length of a few emerald necklaces over a field of 13.

Unfortunately, the Aga Khan was not as enchanted as Deauville's onlookers were. His trainer, Françoise Mathet, had refused to enter the prince's best colt, Zeddan, in the Prix Morny. Instead, Zeddan had raced in a lesser event earlier in the day and had won handily. Prince Karim felt that his 2-year-old might well have beaten the Baron's. "Deauville is nothing more than a holiday crowd," said the annoyed Aga Khan, who was aboard his *Mystère* jet and headed back to Sardinia shortly after the race.

As it happens, the holiday crowd—in Prince Karim's terms—was actually at giddily scandalous old Brighton, which has come to be known as London-by-

the-Sea because it is only an hour's ride from Victoria Station. Brighton, although it once flourished as a place where kings took their sporting lords (and sporting ladies), has much more in common with, say, Atlantic City than Deauville, including its own famed candy, Brighton rock, the answer to salt-water taffy on the Boardwalk.

Last week Brighton was as it has long been, except for the fact that the weather was so clear you could see all of it—the six golf courses, the ice rink, casino, beach, museums, art galleries and the Royal Pavilion, where the Prince Regent (later George IV) carried 18th century Europe's fascination with Oriental decoration to its hilarious conclusion—gilt dragons and porcelain pagodas.

Nor was there an absence of spectators at the ancient racecourse, a hilly, strenuous double dogleg of a mile and a half. There the six-race program was even enhanced by the public address system pickup of a radio broadcast of the Ebor Handicap at York, 250 miles away. In the absence of a rich stakes race of its own—or at least one in which a horse would throw its jockey and plunge over the end wall of the straightaway finish and disappear for hours in the valley below, as one did some years ago—the radio was fine for Brighton's visitors.

As far removed from Brighton as the Aga Khan may now be from his trainer at Del Mar, which sits within sight of the Pacific Ocean, 20 miles from San Diego, and rarely suffers from a lack of sun or a nobility of its own. Lately the nobility has consisted of such celebrities as Jimmy Durante, Desi Arnaz, Milton Berle and Harry James. Since Bing Crosby opened Del Mar in 1937, it has been a haven for Hollywood types and Hollywood slogans: "Where the turf meets the surf," for one, and "Saratoga plus the Pacific." As of last Saturday, when a chestnut colt named Charlie Boots won the \$32,600 Del Mar Derby, the track, now operated by a group of Texans, could boast about the highest per capita wagering of any in the U.S.—\$94 per horseplayer. There are no barons or princes at Del Mar, or porcelain pagodas of any kind. Just money. Good old lazy, refined, summer money.

—DAN JENKINS

*Del Mar's picturesque walking ring and its proximity to the surf, where Thoroughbreds are given beneficial dipsings, help justify the claim that it is "Saratoga plus the Pacific."*

The St. Louis Cardinals are threatening to make the National League pennant race the longest runaway in a dozen years. They're doing it on pitching, hitting, fielding and an amazing amount of spirit by WILLIAM LEGGETT

## OUT IN FRONT IN FUN AND GAMES



Julian Javier high in the air as he throws to complete a double play, is at his best again

The magic red-and-white ball was invented at an hour of stress late in July, but only because of the sudden success of the tomato-rose soup. The word game that none of the players seem truly to understand was brought to the back of the husses and planes at about the same time that Orlando Cepeda received his initial supply of the "mysterious, precious, rare, strength-giving honey from the high hills of Puerto Rico." Nobody can recall when Roger Maris first began singing out the names of the players in the clubhouse after each win. "Cuuurt Flood," Maris chants in his baritone voice, and Curt Flood answers, "Roger Maaaaris." Often Maris opens the singing in the direction of Julian Javier, the quiet, sensitive, and once again spectacular second baseman. "Hoo-h-on Haa-vi-naar," sings Maris, and Julian's quiet voice returns the call, "Hod-ger Har-rivv."

The St. Louis Cardinals were up to their marvelous, spirited nonsense again last week as they continued winning and moving toward what looks like the biggest National League runaway in 12 years. They grouped in the center of the clubhouse in San Francisco after a devastating 9-0 pounding of the Giants and waited for Cepeda to lead the special cheer that has now become a great part of their character. Cepeda walked to the front of the group and raised his huge right fist into the air. "El Birdos!" he hollered. "Yeah!" went the team. "El Birdos!" he shouted again. "Yeah!" they chorused. Once more Orlando raised the cry for El Birdos and the Birdos answered, "Yeah!" According to ritual El Birdos must be shouted three times after each victory, and then Cepeda puts the zinger in, like "— Herman Franks." At this spot the Cardinals really holler, "Yeah!"

In Los Angeles, when it seemed they were about to lose both games of a two-night doubleheader, they rallied around the excellent relief pitching of Joe Ho-



Pitcher Dick Hughes, here whipping a ball past Willie Mays in Candlestick Park, may win the Rookie of the Year award at the advanced age of 39.

ner and the fine defensive play of Shortstop Dal Maxvill to pull out the second game. In the clubhouse afterward Maxvill—all 155 pounds of him—explained to Pitcher Hal Woodeshick, "I must continue my never-ending war against crime. Although disguised as Dal Maxvill, mild-mannered shortstop for the St. Louis Cardinals, in reality I am Superman." Following another winning game, Mike Shannon, the third baseman, pulled a notebook from his locker in which he records team fines. "On August 19 in Houston," Shannon said, "Stan Musial got it. With a runner at third and less than two outs he popped up in an oldtimers' game. The way we look at it, he may be the general manager, but if he's playing for us he's got to get that ribbie."

Back in July—July 22, to be exact—the St. Louis Cardinals appeared to be a team in desperate shape. In one brief week their four-game lead had disappeared, and not only did they find themselves tied for first place with the Chi-

cago Cubs, but they were without their best pitcher, Bob Gibson, and their fine center fielder, Curt Flood, both of whom had been injured. Facing the Cardinals were 25 games against Atlanta, Cincinnati, San Francisco and the Cubs—four first-division clubs that were capable of knocking St. Louis out of the race. Now the 25 games with those teams are over and, barring one of the greatest collapses in baseball history, so, too, is any real pennant race in a league that has produced some remarkable ones in recent years. The Cardinals won 21 of the 25, and the other teams in the National League could barely hear the Redbirds' wings flapping out there in the distance.

To those who understand the nature and complexities of baseball, the most remarkable thing about El Birdos is that only 28 men have worn a St. Louis uniform since the start of the season. Contrast this to the New York Mets, who have already dressed 22 different pitchers, most of whom the enemy promptly

undressed. The Cardinals believe that it has been this stability that has helped to build the club's spirit. There is a great sense of identification. Musial, the general manager, one of the most popular and proficient hitters of all time, was a Cardinal player for 22 seasons. (After Bob Howsam left St. Louis to join the Cincinnati Reds in January, Bing Devine, the man whose head rolled as general manager in the Cardinal Palace Revolution of 1964, was asked how he thought Musial would do as a general manager. "Name one thing that Musial has ever done wrong," said Devine.) Red Schoendienst, the manager, was Musial's roommate for 13 years.

When Musial and Schoendienst got to spring training this year their major problem was a risky gamble they had determined to try—the conversion of Mike Shannon from a fine outfielder into a reasonably competent third baseman. The task was not an easy one—neither for Shannon nor Schoendienst.

continued

Shannon liked the outfield, and he had been discouraged when Howsam traded for Alex Johnson before the start of the 1966 season. Shannon was used to working hard—in 1965 he went to the Florida Instructional League to learn to catch, in case he was ever needed—but learning to play third base became brutal at times. On many days Schoendienst and Shannon would stay at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg long after everyone else had left. Schoendienst would stand at the plate and hit baseballs as hard as he could at Shannon and, even at the age of 44, Albert Schoendienst still hits a baseball hard.

One day Shannon remained at third for more than two hours as Schoendienst hit shots off his arms, wrists, chest and ankles. But Mike stood his ground with a toughness Schoendienst appreciated. After that session Shannon was black and blue, and Schoendienst's hands were almost totally blistered. On another day Schoendienst bunted more than 200 balls to Shannon, and the third baseman had to charge in, field each one and throw to first base. When the exhibition season began, Shannon admits, "It was awful. For three weeks I didn't do anything right. But Red stuck by me, and it got better. Then just before the season

opened I got hurt in an exhibition game at Washington. I was dying to open the season at third at home, because I'm a St. Louis boy and my heart has always been Cardinal. I didn't think that Red was going to let me start, but before the game he said, 'How much does it hurt?' I told him not half as much as not starting would. He started me, and even though I could only play four innings it helped me tremendously."

Right from that opening night the Cardinals were an excellent and exciting team, one which this season may draw two million people to the new Busch Memorial Stadium in downtown St. Louis. Some believe that it was the performance of Roger Maris on opening night that gave the Cardinals the extra incentive that has stayed with them all year. But during that first week the Cardinals used not only Maris and Lou Brock, Curt Flood and Orlando Cepeda and Tim McCarver (see cover), but their excellent speed and defense and some fine pitching. The Cardinals had felt during spring training that they had a good team, and they knew it when they faced a tough schedule at the beginning of the season and won six games in a row.

Through the early weeks of the season

the Cardinal pitching seemed suspect, but one of the main reasons for that was the ineffectiveness of Hoerner, a 30-year-old relief pitcher who had been magnificent the year before (he had appeared in 57 games and had an earned run average of 1.54). But Joe Hoerner is not the type to become discouraged. He has been through tougher times in his life than coming in from the bullpen with the bases loaded and nobody out. At the end of the 1958 season, his second in baseball, he started a game in Davenport, Iowa and suffered a heart attack with the first pitch he threw. He went through a series of tests at Iowa University medical center and was told that one of the muscles around his heart was weak and that if he ever did pitch again he would not be able to throw overhand. For a year Hoerner had to take four pills a day for his heart, and when he returned as a pitcher he did throw sidearm. He was strong again, but the following year he got dizzy and nearly blacked out on occasion. Eventually, at the winter meetings of 1965, the Cardinals drafted him. He had his fine year in 1966 and then broke his toe. But he hung on again, regained his stuff and since July 2 has made 22 appearances and given up only three earned runs. It was Hoerner, of course, who stole the team bus and drove it back to the Marriott Motor Hotel from Atlanta Stadium five weeks ago, but if it had not been for the tomato-ice soup that led to the invention of the magic red-and-white infield ball there is no telling what kind of position in the race the Cardinals would have been in when they got to Atlanta.

St. Louis had dropped a tough game to the Braves in 13 innings at Busch Stadium on that significant date, July 22. Schoendienst was frustrated by the defeat and carried his frustration with him to his new home in suburban St. Louis. When Red walked into the house his wife, Mary Eiken, sensed trouble. Red walked out back and decided to mow the lawn, twice pulled the rip cord on the power mower and broke it. He came back inside and lifted the cover off the pot on the kitchen range and challenged her on her method of boiling potatoes to go with the steak that he was about to cook. He went back to the barbecue and put the steaks on, and soon puffs of black smoke circled the neighborhood. A policeman rang the front doorbell and asked if the Schoendienst



Mike Shannon pokes a finger at clubhouse readers Orlando Cepeda (standing) and Roger Maris.



This fine stemware of perfect martini proportions was created by John E. Miller for George Duncan & Sons, Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1870, before the martini was born.

That very same year, in the neighboring state of Ohio, Charles and Maximilian Fleischmann introduced their gin. Which today is famous as the world's driest gin since 1870.

The classic martini:  
A coincidence of American history.





... Of course, compliments on their tasteful good looks will frequently remind you that you are wearing Jarman shoes. Comfort-wise, however, "wear-tested" Jarman's are just about the next thing to going barefoot! Before being approved for production, every original model is worn and tested under day-to-day conditions, as your assurance of better fit and more comfort. Let your nearby dealer put you "two feet deep in comfort" in a smart new pair of Jarman's. No matter what clothing style you prefer, Jarman has the correct shoes to complement your taste.



*When you're "two feet deep in comfort"... you almost forget you have on shoes!*



Three Jarman styles designed for college men and also for young executives who prefer the traditional look. Left, \$175, about \$17.95. Center, \$204, about \$21.00 (also in burgundy or olive green). Right, \$177, about \$18.00 (also in burgundy or black). Available at Jarman dealers and stores from coast to coast. Most Jarman styles \$25.00 to \$35.00, with prices slightly higher in the West and in Canada. (We also make Jarman for boys.)

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37203 • A DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.



were all right and if they were planning just a small fire. "Go out back," Mary Eileen said, "and ask the manager."

The next day, when the Cardinals arrived in their clubhouse, Bob Bauman, the trainer, decided to try something—anything—to change the team's luck. Bauman is a dedicated and proficient trainer, and he knows the ways of athletes. When things do not go right he will put signs on the team's vitamin bottles labeled "RBIs" or "Hit and Run." He also makes excellent soup, and he decided that since the Cards were going so bad tomato-ice was the soup they needed. The doubleheader with Atlanta that day was a crucial one. Once before during the season a critical point had been reached and the Cards had recovered. On June 7 they lost their third game in a row at home to the Houston Astros by the tidy little score of 17-1. They bounced back then, bounced so high, in fact, that they won 15 of their next 17 games. Against Atlanta, with the tomato-ice soup in their systems, they won both ends of the doubleheader and, while they didn't believe in eating the same soup for the rest of the season, they did decide that red and white were nice colors and that a monument of some sort should be constructed to honor tomato-ice soup. A new baseball was painted half red with a china marker and used in infield practice, and with the red-and-white ball came prosperity. The Cards won 13 of the next 15, and a set of rules grew up around the ball. Only Coach Dick Sleser is allowed to catch the ball when Cepeda tosses it into the bench after the final warmup throw. There must be a new ball for each series, but anytime a ball loses a game it must be discarded and a new ball painted and put in use. When Cepeda once threw a winning ball into the stands by mistake, two brand-new balls had to be given as ransom to the fan who caught it.

In Atlanta the Cardinals came out of the clubhouse one night after winning, and while their bus was there the driver was not. They waited and waited and waited. Phone calls were made. Finally Hoerner decided he would drive the bus back to the hotel. Naturally, he had never driven a bus before in his life. The players fooled with the various switches to see what each did, and then Hoerner started the bus and took off. Almost at once he found he could not negotiate a turn into an underpass. This might both-

er some ball clubs and it might even bother some professional bus drivers, but it didn't bother Hoerner. He maneuvered his way out of the hang-up so well that his teammates began to call him "Bussy," just as all baseball teams call all bus drivers "Bussy." On the way Hoerner began to realize that technically he was driving a stolen bus through the downtown streets of Atlanta in the dead of night. Someone was certain to call the police, he felt, and he kept his eye peeled for squad cars. He saw four, but none stopped him. Near the hotel a squad car had pulled another bus over to the side of the road and one of the Cardinals yelled, "Look, Joe, some nut must have stolen a bus." Hoerner swung the bus in close to the curb outside the hotel, smashed a sign and parked. And, of course, the bus company later apologized profusely for the dereliction of its driver and for putting Mr. Hoerner through so much trouble. The Cardinals loved it.

The team thrives on adversity. When the Cardinals lost the services of Bob Gibson with a broken leg (suffered on July 15 when he was hit by a line drive from the bat of Roberto Clemente), their uncertain pitching was supposed to cave in. Gibson, who was throwing batting practice on Aug. 28, may not get back into the rotation until the middle of September, but his absence enabled Nelson Briles, a 24-year-old right-hander with a discouraging record of 4-15 last year, to start, and Briles has done splendidly. Briles uses the no-windup style that Pitching Coach Billy Muffett teaches so well—as do Relief Pitcher Ron Willis (three earned runs in his past 19 appearances) and Starter Dick Hughes. Early in the year Hughes appeared in 10 games as a relief pitcher, but since he became a starting pitcher his record is 13-4. At the age of 29 he could win the league's Rookie of the Year award.

The loss of Gibson was not the only one that the Cardinals suffered this season. They lost Ray Washburn for 22 days when he was hit by a line drive and broke a finger. But contrary to common belief, the Cardinals do have pitching depth. And luck. There was some laughter when the Cardinals acquired Jack Lamabe from the Mets on July 16, only to have the Mets beat him the same day, but since the end of July Lamabe has made eight appearances without giving up an earned run. Last week in the club-

house at Candlestick Park, Lamabe watched his wife Janet appear on a television quiz show and win a wine collection, a tape recorder, an electric range, a stereo set, a full length fur coat and a 1967 Pontiac Firebird sports car. "Hey Jack," whispered Hoerner, "she isn't really that smart, is she?"

Nobody is safe from the needle. Young Bobby Tolan, who played well filling in for Curt Flood, has a strange blue suit that, the Cardinals claim, lights up city blocks. "The Air Force," says Maris, "is adopting the color to put on the wing tips of planes so that pilots won't bump when flying in tight formations." But twice when Tolan has worn the suit to the ball park he has driven home winning runs, so the Cardinals like the suit.

Of all the Cardinals, there is something very special about Tim McCarver. He is tough and can hit, and he runs the bases with speed, bravado and force. In 1966 he became the first catcher ever to lead the National League in triples (13). He takes charge of a game—any game—whether it is baseball or bridge or the word game that he starts on bus and plane trips. As a neetler his face should go on the post-office wall as one of the 10 most wanted. But during a ball game, when Tim goes out to the mound he is all business, and if he thinks his pitcher isn't concentrating he raves more than dust. His pleasant young face turns hard and tough. When he yells at his infield, they hear him.

In the words of Lou Brock, "The Cardinals are ready for a showdown all the time. There are a lot of players on this team who have responsibilities [a total of 62 children], and we've come too far down the road to turn back now."

The red-and-white ball may be a mystery to some, but Stan Musial's daughter explained last week: "Red is the color that signifies aggressiveness." Understanding the word game played on the back of buses and planes is not the key factor; jenseing it seems to be. The precious honey from the high halls of Puerto Rico has Orlando Cepeda leading all of baseball in batting, and last Sunday night as El Bardo waited for the chartered bus that would take them to the airport following their last long road trip of the year there was a suspicion that Joe Hoerner wanted the bus to show up but not the driver. Very spirited team, El Bardo. Maybe a great one, too. **END**

# TO NO ONE'S SURPRISE: 'INTREPID'

With scrupulous fairness and no cooperation from the weather, the America's Cup selection committee put four would-be defenders through their paces, then picked the boat everyone knew was it by CARLETON MITCHELL

The agony didn't last long. At the end of only seven races (one of which was ruled incomplete), a small blue launch flying the flag of the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club nosed alongside the sleek flank of the 12-meter *Columbia*. With due sympathy, the gentlemen on board informed Skipper Briggs Cunningham that his charge was excused from further competition. Then the launch putted away to await *Intrepid*, which hadn't even gotten into her slip. Almost before dock lines were made fast the magic words were spoken, and Olin Stephens' newest boat became the 20th defender of the America's Cup.

The guillotine had fallen on *Constellation* and *American Eagle* two days earlier, leaving *Columbia* and *Intrepid* to battle alone. Although there was little doubt in anybody's mind that *Intrepid* was the better boat, *Columbia* was given a last chance to reverse the judgment. On Wednesday the two met in what have come to be called unofficially the final finals. There wasn't much wind, and what there was shifted so radically during the race that the second and third windward legs were turned into reaches. Before this *Intrepid* had gained one minute 40 seconds on the first beat. Rounding the mark, both boats set spinnakers. Neither worked very well in the light air and bobble of sea, so *Intrepid* shifted to her secret weapon—a "blower," or spinnaker so light that the crew claims even a prayer can lift it. While *Columbia* continued to wallow, *Intrepid* simply took off, arriving at the next mark almost 10 minutes ahead.

On what turned out to be the last day of racing, a damp, chill easterly blew in off the Atlantic, promising the sort of

test everyone had wanted. While the wind was clocked at only 10 knots by the race committee, it had enough weight to kick up a lumpy sea and give the contestants a fair angle of heel. As was true throughout the trials, there was no aggressive jockeying before the start to get on top. *Columbia* started a few ticks of the watch ahead of her rival, but two boat lengths to leeward. For all practical purposes, the race was over. On each weather leg *Intrepid* widened her lead.

As before, the newer boat pitched less than the older and stood up straighter in the puffs. The short steep seas bothered her not at all. *Intrepid* had already demonstrated her speed in light winds, and now there could be little doubt that the harder it blew the greater would become her margin of superiority. Twenty or 200 races could only underline the inevitability of *Intrepid*'s becoming the defender. As a member of the selection committee remarked to me as we walked away from the dock after she had been named, "There wasn't any reason to drag things out."

Unabashed spectators at the start of the last race and every other were Australian Skipper Jock Sturrock and his crew aboard *Dame Pattie*. Once I jokingly asked Jock if he had been discouraged by what he found, and he shook his head. After a moment of reflection, he added, "Quite the contrary."

Every time I saw *Dame Pattie* under sail she seemed to be going like blazes. Her designer, Warwick Hood (SI, June 5), describes her as "a yacht of heavy displacement with a long waterline length, minimum beam and low wetted surface... having a relatively high de-

gree of stability because of the attention given to the control of hull weight and the positioning of ballast at a low level."

After quoting this to Olin Stephens, I asked for a similar thumbnail sketch of his own creation. "You might describe *Intrepid* in almost the same words," he answered, "skipping reference to the fact that we have two rudders. Of all the 12s in Newport today, *Dame Pattie* and *Intrepid* are more alike than any other two."

This piece of expert testimony should scuttle dockside comment that the *Dame* is little more than a copy of *Constellation*, as she tends to appear because of an almost identical deck layout. While her ends aren't as chopped off as the defender's, and while there is less visible effort to concentrate weight amidships and below, Hood, like Stephens, clearly had in mind the objective of creating a powerful yet easily driven hull with a minimum tendency to hobbyhorse in a seaway. Judging from the impressive margins by which *Dame Pattie* defeated *Gretel* in the selection trials held in rough water off Sydney Head last winter, he succeeded.

One may also recall the inspired campaign waged in 1962 by the Australians, who were new to the 12-meter class and new to conditions off Newport. Now the Aussies are as at home on the foredeck of a 12 as aboard one of their over-camassed dinghies and, having been at Newport since the early part of July, they feel almost in home waters as they paws Brenton Reef.

One of the big questions that must remain unanswered until the matches are underway is how well the Australians



Syndicate Men Strawbridge, Mosbacher, Stephens and a happy 'Intrepid' crew toast the news.

have succeeded in developing their own sailcloth. *Gretef* was allowed to use American sails, but since 1965 the "country of origin" clause in the Deed of Gift has been interpreted more strictly, requiring that all of the equipment aboard a challenger as well as the vessel itself be a product of the challenging nation. To meet this condition, the Australian textile industry went on a crash program of analyzing imported fabric, weaving, testing and weaving again. Rumors preceding the arrival of *Dame Pat-*

*tie* indicated they had succeeded well enough to produce a material so stable that lighter weight mainsails were feasible. This I was not able to judge by watching the *Dame* during practice, but her sails seemed very good indeed.

Between now and the big day, it is safe to say that the crews and brain trusts of both boats will be spending a lot of time looking over masts and rigging. The development of more powerful hulls has given the 12s an Achilles' heel aloft. Flexing masts over 80 feet high into

bows for greater aerodynamic efficiency of sails—a technique borrowed from smaller classes where failures are not so costly—has placed additional strain on fittings. Both *Intrepid* and *Dame Pattie* had their rigs go over the side twice. While the fleet that will assemble off the starting buoy probably won't be treated to the sight of a defender's crew going for the line wearing construction workers' hard hats, Bus has a set stashed away—part of the unremitting drive to overlook nothing that might have even a remote bearing on eventual victory.

Winning is still a matter of the perfection of little things, as Olin Stephens observed at the beginning of the first postwar campaign. Provided, of course, you start with a fast hull, a sharp helmsman, efficient sails and a good crew. These things both boats have.

Hazarding a prediction on the outcome of a best-of-seven series presents as many variables as the wind and sea themselves. Yet I must go for the defender on an overall basis. *Intrepid* seems to have the *x* factor, that mysterious go-fast that Olin Stephens manages to put into each new creation, reducing almost to zero the effort that goes into other 12-meter designs, even Olin's own of yesteryear. During the last defense I thought I would never again see a boat sail as close to the wind as *Constellation*, but the new Stephens boat points still higher.

Add to a superb hull a crew composed of Bus Mosbacher, Vic Romagna, George O'Day and eight others who know their own jobs equally well, and a boat gets even harder to beat. Then throw in sails by Ted Hood, with the master himself along to nurse them, and you have something that might discourage anyone—but an Australian.

Nothing they have seen has shaken the confidence of Jock Sturrock and his boys in their *Dame*. Perhaps the best indication of Jock's thinking was expressed over a raised glass on the night the final trials were over. It happened to be my birthday, an anniversary that fate frequently puts in the middle of America's Cup events. "Three times I've celebrated it in Newport, Mitch," Jock said. "Next time we'll be in Sydney."

If I'm wrong, I hope Jock won't forget his invitation.

END

## HE'S OLD HAT TO AUSTRALIANS



*But John Newcombe has just come of age at 23. He has a lovely wife, Angelique, and a major title, Wimbledon, and he could become the colorful champion his countrymen have long been awaiting* **by FRANK DEFORD**

**A**t 23, John Newcombe is handsome, attractive, popular, quick, confident and—as winner at Wimbledon in July—champion of the amateur tennis world. He fears no one except his fellow Australian, Roy Emerson—and that fear is more one of respect for an elder than an actual competitive concern. Newcombe's powerful serves and strokes can eventually wear down and crush the most diligent of opponents and he should, without great difficulty, win the U.S. singles championship that is under way at Forest Hills this week.

Newcombe is a strong young man in top shape, fit and taut—yet he has achieved this stature comfortably and amiably, without denying himself the more pleasant blandishments of good fellowship. The “keg he put on” after his victory at New South Wales two years ago remains a party of some substantial legend. Nor were his ample baby blues altogether denied to the beautiful ladies who distribute themselves about tennis tournaments—prior to his marriage in February 1966 to the charming blonde German player, Angelique Pfannenberger.

But married and champion, Newcombe understands his responsibilities and accepts them. He delayed his own victory celebration after Wimbledon to lend his newly meaningful presence to a party being given by the Yugoslavian ambassador to honor Nikki Pilić, the Yugoslav who had lusted to the semifinals before losing to Newcombe. It was a polite, kind gesture, and one not easily forgotten by Pilić and his proud countrymen. Newcombe has such a warm, engaging personality and such bright championship prospects that in any other sport but tennis his future would be unlimited. But tennis is not a game for these times, and Newcombe already anticipates retirement in about four years. Contradictions like this abound in tennis. Newcombe's style is power and attack—the same charged-up essentials that dominate and give bone to practically every other sport. But in tennis the power game is repetitive, lifeless—the serve-and-volley offense has all the eloquence and plot a recital of the alphabet would provide.

Newcombe's game bores most specta-

tors, but the high level of competence he has brought it to amazes most of his countrymen, who are rather surprised that he is champion. They invariably describe him, sparingly, if politely, as “craftsman” or “tradesman.” Says Sydney Tennis Columnist Alan Clarkson, “What we need is a colorful player. Newcombe just isn't the answer.”

Newcombe understands. “They're all tired of seeing us play each other,” he says, quite in sympathy. “You should have heard them last year when Tony Roche and I played the Indians in the doubles of the Challenge Round. They'd go crazy when the Indians won a point. They'd clap a bit if we won one.”

In the rest of the world, Newcombe is dismissed as “another Aussie”—just as Emerson, another Australian craftsman, was before him. Newcombe thinks his style is similar to Emerson's, although he believes he depends on the serve more than Emerson does. But Newcombe does not agree that his game is mere serve and volley. “The game we play—I play, the Australians play—is to pressure an opponent,” he says. “Serve and volley works best—so we use it. But it is just a means to an end. We could change.”

“I think one of the reasons for our success is that we always have had such good leaders to look up to, to follow. I'm certainly influenced by Emerson, but the basic game we all play can be traced back to Sedgman and McGregor. Rosewall was the only major exception. Maybe if Hoad hadn't come at the same time as Rosewall we would all have been groundstrokers after that.”

Fred Stolle, a pro now but the man who beat Newcombe in the deary serve-and-volley finals at Forest Hills last year, was visiting his old cohorts and “checking out to see how they pay the amateurs this year—under the table or over it.” Newcombe called over to him: “Hey, Fred, if I wanted to play the pros, what would I have to improve? My backhand and my second serve, would you say?”

“I guess so,” Stolle answered, “but that comes with play. It's more the thinking you have to improve—which shots to try for winners off of.”

“That's the truth,” Newcombe said. “That's true with me. It comes from con-

fidence—knowing your shots. Instead of going for silly shots and missing, you know to hit the right ones. You do that twice a set at 30-40, say, and in two shots you can turn the whole set around.”

“That comes with time,” Stolle said. “People are always amazed when we come up with another champion. Where did he come from? Well, look at John. Only 23, sure, but this was his seventh year at Wimbledon. You look back. All our winners—even the ones who win it young, like John—seven years. I got in the finals after four. . . .”

“But you didn't win,” Newcombe said.

“That's my point,” Stolle said. If anyone were to have broken that pattern, it should have been Newcombe. At 19—when he had seen Davis Cup competition only once—he was picked over Stolle and Neale Fraser to play singles in the Challenge Round. He had excellent chances in both his matches—against Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston—but lost both. His mother, Lilian, remembers that John came home without depression. “Well, I lost, but I did my best,” he told her evenly. “And I needed the experience.”

Today, however, Newcombe feels that the unusually early Davis Cup adventure somehow inhibited his career. “I can't really say how,” he says, “but I've got the feeling that it set me back, if only psychologically.” And, in fact, it was not until Newcombe made the finals at Forest Hills last year that the logjam in his career was finally broken again. Shortly thereafter he finally beat Emerson for the first time, an experience more therapeutic, perhaps, than Forest Hills. And then, in a series of events, Newcombe's world competition faced before him. Stolle and Ralston turned pro. Manolo Samana had a serious ankle operation. Arthur Ashe went into the Army. Tony Roche came up overtired and stale. Emerson, 30 now, came up old. Can he come back? Emmo turns his thumb to the ground. “The only way left to go,” he says. And then, cryptically, shaking his head toward Newcombe, just. “John.”

There are a few who could upset Newcombe at Forest Hills—Charlie Pasarell on one of his unpredictable good days;

*continued*

# Cool steaming feet with Desenex.



After a couple of hours in your shoes your feet can feel like they're trapped in steaming kettles. They feel hot and itchy.

And hot, itchy, moist feet can be Step #1 on the way to the painful cracking, peeling and blisters of Athlete's Foot.

That's because the Athlete's Foot fungus thrives in warm, moist, dark places—like your shoes.

That's why you need Desenex. The cooling soothing spray-on powder recommended and prescribed by doctors. Desenex kills Athlete's Foot fungi. In fact, it's so effective it's guaranteed to work or your money back.

Next time your shoes feel like steaming kettles, cool your feet with Desenex.

**Use Desenex daily and you may never suffer from itchy, burning feet again.**



JOHN NEWCOMBE *continued*

Emerson on a young day, leaves Pilc or Roger Taylor of England on a day they outslug Newcombe. But Newcombe really should be a more overwhelming favorite than his record suggests. On grass, anyway, he could dominate the game for the next few years.

The potential for such excellence has been evident practically since he was 9 and first learning to play tennis in the street in front of the home his parents still live in, in Longueville, a Sydney suburb. Exceptional athletic ability was in the family—a cousin, Warren Bardsley, was one of Australia's great cricketers.

But John's father, George Newcombe, a retired dentist, did not play tennis, and his mother and two sisters have been no more than casual social players.

When John was only 11, Newcombe's parents were already concerned that he was devoting too much time to tennis, and by the time he was 16 all hope for a respectable accountant's career—which he had envisioned—went careening into obscurity when Newcombe became the third youngest player ever named to an Australian overseas team. No wonder his countrymen find him such an odd letdown at 23.

After he left school and began to travel, Newcombe was signed on by Slazengers, the sporting-goods firm he still represents when he is home. He is also casually attached to the Russell-Lloyd travel agency, for which he is "supposed to look at hotels and things like that." But, essentially, John Newcombe is a tennis player.

"I really get fed off sometimes at the way people think," he says. "You can't go into tennis from a gamble point of view. You have to think. I am good, I will be champion. For me it worked out all right. For a lot it doesn't. But, either way, you give up 10 of the best years of your life. You deserve something for that, don't you? I wanted to be an accountant. My friends who went ahead in that are 23 now and they're full accountants and they're set. If I stay in tennis four more years, I'll have to start all over at 27. I wouldn't stay in tennis if I weren't going to leave with money in the bank."

Normally, Newcombe is more subtle in his speech and manner. He called one reporter "Walt" with amiable respect throughout a press conference, though this was not his name. The befuddled newsmen inquired why later. "You and

Walt Disney both have good imaginations," Newcombe replied. The day after he won at Wimbledon he was barred from the grounds because he forgot his player's pass. "Hello," he said diffidently to the stern guard, "I'm John Newcombe." He did not cry havoc when the guard—doing his job, he kept saying—denied entry to Newcombe's car. Of course, all the time John was growing up, it was thought the kid didn't have that vaunted killer instinct.

But he does have determination and confidence, qualities he applies with the matter-of-fact practicality of an accountant. Angelique, an attractive blonde with velvet eyes like mountain lakes, never really had a chance, for on the first night they went out together Newcombe decided he would marry her. He did, however, neglect to let her in on this. Instead he went home and woke up his roommate, teammate Owen Davidson. Davidson was unmoved by the revelation—not that he is unromantic, but because the night before, Newcombe had come in late and had stumbled all over Davidson and the bad knee he was nursing. Davidson allowed as how he didn't care who Newcombe was marrying—just stop waking me up and stay the hell away from my knee. "You'll see," Newcombe said confidently, and went to sleep. He was right, of course. He has not often been wrong about himself.

He was once—when he assumed at 19 that those Davis Cup Challenge Round defeats would not hurt. But he is champion now, and the suspicion here is that he is not going to be the nondescript, everyday type that he has already been written off as. The confidence that is now turning tentative shots into winners seems capable of transmuting the accountant's entire game into one with a champion's flash and style. The big game, so repetitive and jejune, could become thunderous and ebullient. Even now, Newcombe plays the net with his own special daring—on top of it, challenging, like a third baseman moving in close, defying a potential bunter to hit away. And his on-court peculiarities—shirttail out, tousled towhead, a large surly grunt that he dispenses with each serve—can become crowd-pleasing characteristics. The considerable charm of the private Newcombe is unlikely to remain hidden within the public one. He may well prove to be a special Aussie, and not just another one.

END



All over the world King George IV sells at the same price as the other 'top 12' Scotches (London \$7.28) But here, it is the only 'top 12' you can buy for about \$5.00

The Scots produce it, we bottle it... and pass the savings on to you. Why are we so generous? We want to become the largest selling Scotch around.

# King George IV

100% BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKIES, 50 PROOF SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A. MURSON & SPAN, NEW YORK, N.Y.



Tailor's  
Bench odd trousers  
keep their cool  
when the livin' is easy.  
Because they're two-ply  
polyester and cotton by

Galey & Lord

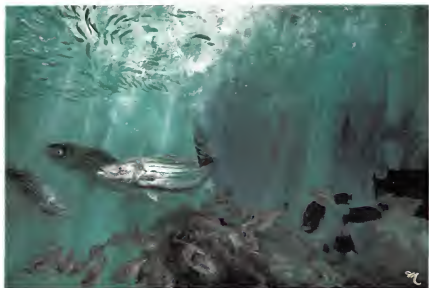
# The Striped Bass in Canvas Chronicle

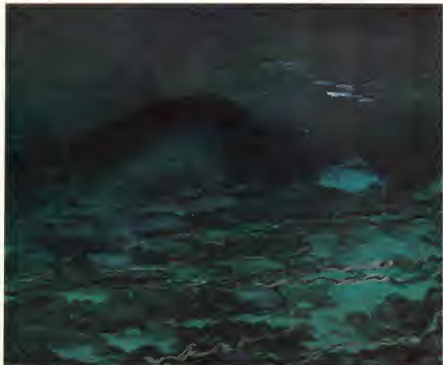
For eight months a year, in wet suit, mask and flippers, Artist-Skin Diver Stanley Meltzoff studies striped bass in murky tidal rivers, bays, inlets and the open waters of the Atlantic Ocean. He has ranged from Cape Hatteras to Cape Cod, sometimes spearing fish for dinner, but always observing and recording their wanderings and feeding habits. With the paintings on the following pages Meltzoff presents a diver's year of bass watching, beginning with pods of lethargic wintering fish that hover in a New Jersey tidewater creek (below) and then following the individual schools to their spring and summer haunts along the coast



As the waters warm up in April, lean, ravenous bass head down the rivers to gorge on bunched-up herring off Sea Girt, N.J. (right above). A month later, after spawning in brackish tidal creeks and rivers, most of the bass begin to move up the coast, pausing along the way to hunt for baitfish around seaweed-covered jetties (opposite).





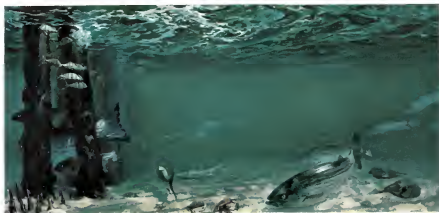
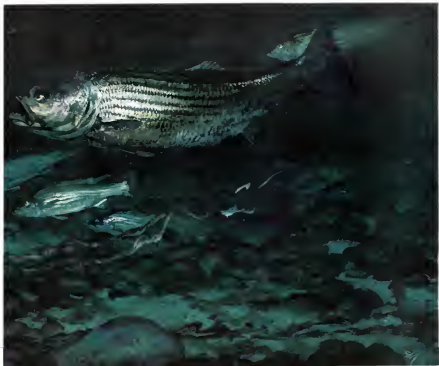


Gleaming with the July sun's reflected rays, a pod of striped bass (above) pursues a school of squid in the rocky waters around Fishers Island, N.Y.

At Hull Cove, R.I., in early summer, bass forage through long streamers of brown kelp, which wave back and forth in the surging white water (right).



Working around some old rotting pilings off Deal, N.J., in August, the stripers pick up shedding calico crabs from the sandy sea bottom (far right).





# After a Day of Awakening on the Jersey Coast

BY DUNCAN BARNES

On a July afternoon 19 years ago in a roped-off bathing area off Eighth Avenue beach in Belmar, N.J., Stanley Meltzoff borrowed a diving mask, dived his head underwater and saw something moving. He blinked his eyes, took another look and saw a school of 10-pound striped bass swimming along below him.

"My first reaction," says Meltzoff, "was to recall all those wasted years of diving without a mask on the Jersey Shore and during the war in the Mediterranean. My second reaction was more basic: I got a stick, sharpened it at one end and said, 'I'm getting you, you bass.' Lots of luck. I literally worked myself to the point of exhaustion without ever getting close to those fish." The next morning Meltzoff was on the first train to New York City. He went straight to Abercrombie & Fitch, bought himself a mask, flippers, snorkel and a single-blind Arbalète spear gun. The following day at Belmar he took his first bass. "It was sensational," he recalls. "By the end of the day I was absolutely paralyzed with cold—I didn't even think about getting a rubber suit. But the very idea that there were real live striped bass in the water brought many shrieks from all the old lady bathers and much glory to me."

Whenever he could get away from his job (teaching history of art in Manhattan), Meltzoff could be found skin diving around the world. But his first love was always the striped bass, and today, at 50, a trim athlete and a successful illustrator, Meltzoff still pursues them up and down the Atlantic coast with all the exuberance of that day of awakening off Belmar. To the small, dedicated group of spearfishermen from New Jersey to Martha's Vineyard, Meltzoff is held in considerable esteem as "the guy who stoned that 65-pound striper," considered the world spear record (Spearfishermen believe someone, someday, will get a 100-pound striped bass, baring their view on monsters they have glimpsed).

As a founder and the first chairman of the American Littoral Society, a group of divers and anglers who help ichthyologists tag and count Atlantic fishes, Meltzoff's almost passionate concern for the striped bass goes much further than hunting them with a spear gun.

Meltzoff sometimes goes down for a look as early as February, but the real

action begins on the Jersey Shore in mid-April. "The underwater thing is wild and dreamlike then," says Meltzoff. "The inlets are full of flounder, which the bass stack up like flapjacks in their bellies. Herring are moving into the inlets on their spawning runs upstream, and the bass herd them up in the white water and gorge. The bass are fat, happy and highly vulnerable to divers and anglers alike."

By mid-June, when the waters off New Jersey warm up to 70° and the bass move offshore into deeper water, Meltzoff zeroes in on other river populations that have drifted north along the coast.

"Individual schools tend to work an area of perhaps 10 to 15 acres of sea bottom," Meltzoff says, "and a diver will frequently see the same fish day after day for several weeks until they move to another piece of water. Sometimes you can actually recognize the individual bass."

"No matter what the visibility may be, a diver must put in years of time underwater to be able to see more than just the odd bass. We remember those days off Rhode Island when the water was clear and green and we could see down to 25 feet. Usually it's more like four to five feet, which is roughly equivalent to driving at night without headlights. You rarely see a whole bass. Rather, you see a piece of a fish—a head, a tail or little floating specks of gold that flick on and off as the bass move into your range of vision for a moment and then disappear. Often you will see a sort of mirrorlike reflection in the murk as a fish momentarily catches a shaft of light. The stripes running horizontally down their bodies help the bass to orient themselves. Though the stripes sometimes enable a diver to find the fish, they also help the bass to hide."

What is obvious from all this is that Meltzoff's paintings required considerably more than artistic talent. A "picture-maker" by profession, Meltzoff insists on accuracy. Thus, in addition to photographs, which are difficult to come by in striped-bass habitat even under the best conditions, Meltzoff studied freshly caught bass in his studio tank, spent hours gazing and sketching aquarium bass and revisited bass hotspots up and down the coast until he found fish in water clear enough to make a lasting impression on his mind.

END

In the company of stingrays and a sand shark, small school bass search for sand eels and silver-sides in the boulder-strewn waters off Montauk, N.Y., in August.

**A**s rivalries go, says Tommy Prothro, who coaches football at UCLA, the one between his school and the University of Southern California is on the mild side. He has found, he says, at least four others that are more carbonated: Mississippi and Mississippi State, Alabama and Auburn, Ohio State and Michigan and, from his own experience, Oregon and Oregon State.

"I won't feel our rivalry with Southern Cal has ripened," says Prothro, "until a USC grad calls me a sonofabitch."

Prothro may not know it, but the rivalry *has* ripened. Some USC followers are calling Tommy Prothro names far worse than that. But Prothro is a man who raises strong emotions wherever he

goes. At Penn State, for instance, there are people who still get apoplectic over a UCLA helmet they claim was so jammed with electronic equipment that a parking-lot attendant outside the stadium found himself moving cars around to calls for end sweeps and square-outs. Coach Jim Owens of Washington swore that Prothro beat him with an unethical hideout play, and at Stanford they contend that in their game against UCLA Prothro's assistants flashed baseball-type signals from the sidelines—which was not the legal thing to do during a game. Probably most shaken by Prothro, however, were the people in Memphis, Prothro's home town. Upset by officiating in a game there against Tennessee, he left with the less than friendly observation:

"I'm embarrassed to be a Southerner."

The foregoing reflects the negative attitude toward James Thompson Prothro, son of a not-so-uncontroversial man himself, Doc Prothro, the former manager of the Philadelphia Phillies. There is an affirmative side that sees Tommy Prothro as a significant contributor to the game of football. Voted Coach of the Year two seasons ago, he is now, at 47, creative and daring, often brilliant and almost always a winner. A big man (6' 2 1/4" and 255 pounds), he nervously smokes on the average three packs of cigarettes a day, drinks Coke by the bucket and keeps unconventional hours. On a typical night he will stay up to 3 or 4 in the den of his \$75,000 California-modern house in Sherman Oaks, a suburb of Los

## **LOCK THE DOORS! HERE COMES TOMMY!**

by **MELVIN DURLAG**

That, in essence, is what his bitterest foes say of UCLA's controversial Tommy Prothro. Here he analyzes such plays as the Z streak and hints at future ones—all tricky but legal



Angeles, working with figures and thinking about football.

"The way the guy sits up nights and works," says a colleague, "you would think he was hungry. He's well-boiled, his father is a millionaire!"

Prothro admits he has made successful investments in land and business in Arkansas, Tennessee and Oregon, but says, "Just say I'm comfortable." Papa Doc Prothro is more than comfortable. He has made a killing in business and land development in the South. Now 73 and retired, he resides with his wife in Memphis. Tommy is their only offspring.

Prothro moved from Oregon State to UCLA in 1965 and, like so many other events in his life, the change stunned both his supporters and critics. Never

before had one Coast conference member swapped a head football coach from another. In justification, Athletic Director J. D. Morgan says that he had been scouting Prothro for years. "I watched what he did with inferior material at Oregon State," says Morgan. "His teams were smart and well-drilled. His record was 63-37-2 and he had only one losing season. I felt I had to get him. In our larger setup he would be a knockout."

OSU consented grudgingly to let Prothro go, possibly figuring that it couldn't hold him anyway. But all was not joy at UCLA either. Bill Barnes, the highly popular coach and a longtime friend of Prothro's, had to be fired. Morgan insists that Barnes's losing record (10-20 over his last three seasons) and

nothing Prothro did was responsible for his dismissal.

The most bitter reaction to the announcement of Prothro's hiring came, not unexpectedly, from USC, which had resurfaced under a bright and energetic coach, John McKay. "We know Prothro from far back," said an unhappy member of the USC athletic department. "He's a slicker. If it would help him win he would take advantage of his Sunday school teacher."

Penn State tended to agree with this appraisal after meeting UCLA in the second game of the 1965 season at University Park, Pa. A traffic director in the parking lot with a walkie-talkie informed Penn State that he had intercepted plays recited by UCLA coaches in *continued*



the press box to the quarterback. The suspicion was that the helmet of Quarterback Gary Beban was wired for sound.

For years Prothro had favored the walkie-talkie over the telephone to communicate between the scouting box and the bench. He uses this system half of the time away from home. "A phone is easier to tap," he says.

Upset 24-22, Penn State took the loss hard. Its alumni secretary not only charged UCLA with sending signals, but quoted some of the plays that were intercepted. Prothro laughed.

"He had us running such things as '48 sweep right' and '48 sweep opposite,'" said Prothro. "They were nice numbers, except that we had no 48 in our attack. If, as Penn State claimed, it intercepted our plays and still lost, I would say it did a sorry job with an advantage like that."

With a 4-1-1 record after six games in that first year at UCLA, Prothro had to whip Washington to stay in the Rose Bowl running. A tough team, Washington had obliterated Stanford 41-8 the week before, and appeared to be improving. Thinking this over at 2:30 one morning, Prothro suddenly had a revelation. Washington's defensive huddle, he recalled, was the most beautifully disciplined of any he had seen—11 heads down, 11 popping up in crisp unison.

It occurred to Prothro that if a UCLA end were to break the offensive huddle prematurely, trot toward the sideline and stop a foot short, he might not be noticed by Washington players with heads bowed. Then, on a quick snap, the quarterback could throw to the end.

Thus the infamous "Z streak," a refinement of the old sleeper play, was born. With Washington leading 24-21 in the third quarter and UCLA in possession of the ball on its 40, Prothro gave the word. A swift end, Dick Witcher (now with the San Francisco 49ers), eyed the Washington defensive huddle. When the heads went down, he broke quietly. Most spectators thought he was leaving the field. Absurdly in the clear, he took the pass from Beban on a 60-yard touchdown play, and UCLA won 28-24.

Suppressing some strong emotions in the locker room later, Washington Coach Owens said he wished he had thought of the Z streak himself. But J. D. Morgan reveals that that is not quite the way Owens put it to him. The exchange between Owens and himself, he says, went as follows:

Owens: I'm not sure how kosher that play was.

Morgan: It wasn't illegal, was it?

Owens: I told you what I think. I know you'll talk to Tommy. I also know we'll have a competitive game next year.

Reflecting on the incident today, Prothro says, "There is no doubt about it. We were trying to gain an advantage. But the Z streak isn't a real hideout play. Remember, our receiver reported to the huddle. He didn't remain at the sideline and conceal himself, which is considered unethical. The Z streak is legal. But if you were to put it on the ballot I would vote against it. Deception should happen after the ball is snapped, not before."

The deception that beat USC two weeks later was quite in the open. Losing 16-14 in the fourth quarter, Prothro called for an onside kick. UCLA recovered and went on to score the winning touchdown, advancing to the Rose Bowl game against Michigan State, a team that had gone without defeat during the season. Included in its record was a 13-3 win over UCLA in the opener.

Prothro has two basic approaches to a football game. "When I have the stronger team," he says, "I rarely gamble. I take chances only when I'm the underdog. Some coaches look at things the opposite way, that is, they gamble only when they have superior strength, figuring that if the gamble fails they still can overpower you. As an underdog, they play conservatively, hoping for a break."

Sizing up Michigan State during the early mornings, Prothro concluded that the Spartans for a certainty were stronger than UCLA. He would gamble. "I tried to figure what Duffy [Daugherty] was thinking," he says, "and I heard him say to himself that since he had a team that had won 10 straight it would be wise to stay in the pattern that was for him."

Thus Prothro built a defense keyed to stopping Michigan State's basic plays, especially on third down when short yardage was needed for the first down. This required commitments which would leave UCLA dangerously vulnerable, but, as Prothro says, "We pictured them trying safe ground plays, the kind that had worked all season, and thought we would gamble by throwing all our defense into stopping them."

Guessing that Michigan State would look for conservative offensive play on the part of UCLA, too, Prothro decided to call for passes on most third-down

situations on which short yardage was required. Other thoughts were tossed in. For instance, Prothro decided that if UCLA scored first in the opening half the Bruins would come back with an onside kick. "I figured that, if we recovered, the shock would be damaging to Michigan State," says Prothro.

Breaking the calm of Michigan State seemed vital to Prothro. To accomplish this, he drew a new play to open the game. It was a variation of a standard Bruin play on which Beban handed off on the belly series to Mel Farr. This time Beban would fake the handoff and circle right end, but to make sure nobody tipped the play off and all assignments remained exactly the same, only Beban and Farr knew what was going to happen.

Beban gained 27 yards before a defensive back, the last Spartan with a chance, caught him from behind.

"It was worth more than 27 yards," says Prothro. "We wanted Michigan State players to ask themselves, 'What will those lunatics do next?'"

Six times during the game UCLA's defense stopped Michigan State's predictable running plays short of a first down on third and short yardage. UCLA scored first in the second quarter, came back with the onside kick as planned, recovered it and scored again. State was unable to gather itself until the fourth quarter, and wound up losing 14-12. It was Prothro's biggest win.

The emergence of Prothro as a top-flight football man is surprising to his father, who had raised his son in baseball. Born July 20, 1920 in Dyersburg, Tenn., where his father had gone to practice dentistry, Tommy hit the road with his parents when he was only 2. A semipro, Doc got an offer to play third base for the Washington Senators. He accepted, even though it meant he would be a 26-year-old rookie. Doc later played for Cincinnati and did a hitch in the minors, winding up in 1939 as manager of the Phillies. Released after the '41 season, he returned to Memphis to purchase the local ball club, after which he obtained working agreements with teams in Gadsden, Ala., Greenwood, Miss and Fulton, Tenn.

Tommy, meanwhile, attended Duke University, where he was a pitcher in his freshman year and later a blocking back for Wallace Wade. Graduated in 1942, he served as an officer in the Navy.

After the war, Doc was resolved to teach his son the baseball business. At





**AGAINST STANFORD.** Prothro's assistants seemed to use illegal signals. "Coaches," said Prothro, "often look unusual during a game."



one stage Tommy held the dual job at Gadsden of pitcher and business manager. However, when Red Sanders, then coaching at Vanderbilt, invited Prothro to handle the freshman team in 1946, Tommy left baseball for good.

Sanders moved to UCLA in 1949, and Prothro went along as backfield coach. He also was chief of recruiting. In the field of recruiting Prothro gives himself only ordinary marks.

"I don't feel it's important that I be great," he says, "because recruiting is the most overrated phase of our game. It is my guess that 90% of the talent has a pre-conceived notion of where it wants to go, and it picks the schools it wants. And no romancing or persuasion will change the minds of those boys. The coach who spends his time organizing, teaching and building morale will do far better than the one who devotes himself to grabbing what he can of the floating 10%."

Asked if he would describe Prothro's enthusiasm for recruiting as just average, a USC bird dog laughed. "UCLA makes the same speech in basketball," he said. "I'm sure it got Lew Alcindor by running an ad in *The New York Times*."

It has been said that Prothro learned most of his football from Sanders, but Prothro denies this. "My teacher was Wallace Wade," he says. "What I learned from Sanders was how to maintain a relationship with players and assistant coaches. Red could make anyone he worked with produce at a higher capacity than any person I've known."

Sanders gave Prothro some rough moments, always by design. "To illustrate," says Prothro, "I had a blocking back named Leo Hershman, who was a solid player. Red was trying to improve our running game. He didn't say to me, 'Try to get Hershman to put out even more than he is.' He said, 'Hershman is through. Get him off the field. I never want to see him again.'"

"Naturally, I protested. I told him Hershman was the best blocker we had. He answered grudgingly, 'All right, I'll give you one more week with him.' Now the boy had to prove himself to me, and I had to prove myself to Sanders. The kid and I worked like dogs, and I must admit that he got better."

continued

"This is the way Red handled his people. When you got satisfied he would bother you. And when you got discouraged he would pick you up. He never let you get all the way satisfied or all the way discouraged."

Prothro feels he probably has picked up some of the Sanders method. Ron Siegrist, his chief assistant at UCLA, who came with him from Oregon State, describes Prothro as a kind man but "no pushy-waaky." "He is more the scientist type," says Siegrist. "Quiet and retiring. His efficiency amazes you. When we made the conversion at Oregon State from single wing to T, Tommy talked to T experts all over the country. By the time our season opened, he knew more about the technical operation of the T than a lot of guys who had been using it for years."

On the field his coaches always address him as "Coach Prothro," and Prothro insists that his players are not to be on a first-name basis with any of the coaches.

"What's more," says Quarterback Behan, "we are always to respond, 'Yes, sir,' and, 'No, sir.' Some guys may resent this, but most of us don't, because we feel Prothro is fair. He demands respect but he gives it, too. He never degrades a player and almost never raises his voice. And he is honest. He doesn't build up a poor opponent, as most coaches will. When an opponent is a stiff, Prothro says so. He is objective, and we trust his evaluations of other teams."

Another member of the UCLA squad is not so impressed with his coach. "A player is nothing more than a piece of equipment to be used by Prothro in furthering his ends," the boy says. "The human quality isn't there. I would call his efficiency almost ruthless."

Prothro, who takes the position that his players have been disciplined for combat and are able to talk objectively at all times, rarely closes the dressing room doors after a game. In retrospect, he probably wishes he had kept reporters away that day in Memphis when he blasted the South after his 37-34 loss to Tennessee. When he had simmered down and the cathartic effect of his words had dawned on Prothro, he fired off a letter to four Tennessee papers in which he apologized to Memphis and the rest of the South. Reflecting on the matter today, he says, "My feelings on the offending haven't changed, but my remarks weren't proper."

The 1966 season was, for the most part, trouble-free for the UCLA coach until the Stanford game. The Bruins had won seven of their first eight, losing only to Washington in Seattle.

"Owens promised us a competitive game," says J. D. Morgan, "and he delivered one. It was a rainy day, but Jim still permitted a kids'-league game on the field before the main event. The chopped-up turf didn't figure to help our speed."

Still, UCLA seemed well on its way to another Rose Bowl bid if it could beat Stanford and USC. It handled Stanford easily, but the aftermath was a rumble recalling the one at Penn State. A photographer for the *Santa Monica Outlook* snapped pictures of three UCLA assistant coaches on the sideline. In one photograph, a coach held a hand over his eye, another held a hand at his right breast and a third pressed hands over both breasts. In a second picture one coach had a hand atop his head, another a hand at his right breast and the third both hands behind his neck. The third photo was a variation of the first two. Confronted with the photographs, Prothro observed dryly, "If you take pictures of any coach during a game, you are apt to find him in unusual positions."

UCLA, 8-1, next met USC, 7-1, in the game most people felt would decide who went to the Rose Bowl. X rays disclosed that Behan had broken an ankle against Stanford—meaning that Prothro would have to face USC with Norm Dow, a substitute quarterback of scarce experience. "Before the game," confesses Prothro, "I threw up three times. That never had happened to me before."

Prothro need not have worried. Dow was surprisingly good, and UCLA, an eight-point underdog, upset USC 14-7. Most of the country assumed that the Bruins would go to the Rose Bowl, but conference members picked USC. There was never an explanation for the vote, although it could be argued that, with a league record of 4-1, USC was conference champion. UCLA was 3-1. A more likely explanation is that conference rivals, searching for any excuse to stop Prothro, found one.

While UCLA staggered under the injustice of the vote, Prothro offered no complaints. "Tommy's interests are so diversified," says Vic Kelley, athletic news director of UCLA, "that he is able to lose himself quickly in other activities. He is a tournament bridge player. He

plays chess. He goes to the theater, the ballet, even to tennis matches. How many football coaches watch tennis?"

A better spectator than participant, Prothro avoids physical activity. He does not golf, hunt or hike and, with pardonable pride, he points out that he has fished but once since the age of 9. Prothro occupies himself mostly with reading and football. He subscribes to five newspapers and nine magazines, and he usually keeps a novel going on the side. Much of his time is spent in the den, where he plays with mountains of NCAA football statistics. His research with figures has strengthened his confidence in the use of the onside kick. He has found that the average kickoff is returned to the 22-yard line of the receiving team.

"An onside kick that fails," he adds, "is normally recovered by the opposing team on its 45. This means that when the onside kick doesn't work the kicking team is losing but 13 yards. If you can drill your team to where it can recover two of every six onside attempts, you will be well out in front."

Prothro spends roughly five hours a week during the fall rating the top 118 teams that play college football. His method—totally mathematical—involves no personal judgments.

"This is strictly a performance system," he says. "It doesn't take into consideration injuries, wide-scale subbing by either side or the quality of the previous week's opponent. Intriguing opinion, you occasionally can rate clubs more soundly than you can by computation. But over the long haul there is no substitute for mathematics, and I feel my system is the most accurate I've seen."

The top 10 last year, according to Prothro, were, in order, Notre Dame, Alabama, Michigan State, Houston, Wyoming, Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia Tech, Arkansas and Purdue. UCLA, with its best season record since 1954, was only 11th in its coach's ratings.

Prothro sometimes disagrees with ratings arrived at by his system. Others do, too. For instance, at a time last year when Nebraska was rated among the first five in both the AP and UPI polls Prothro was asked at a football writers' luncheon how he appraised the club.

"I like the team very much," he answered. "But my system has 'em 49th." Add Nebraska to the list of those who will be competitive the next time they meet up with Tommy Prothro. **END**

# WANTED FOR HAY FEVER



## Public Remedy No.1

When it comes to fighting allergies like hay fever, Contac® comes on like gangbusters.

Where does Contac get its muscle? From over 600 "tiny time pills" in every capsule. For up to 12 hours at a stretch, Contac can help (1) stop your hay fever sniffles (2) check allergic sneezes (3) clear your stuffy nose and (4) soothe your itchy, watery eyes.

During the day, you won't really mind missing all those hay fever miseries. And at night, you'll sleep a lot better without them, too.

Contac. It's a great way to make hay fever feel unwanted. At your pharmacy, from Menley & James Laboratories, Philadelphia.



Cavalry twill, a damn-the-torpedoes fabric of worsted wool woven in a diagonal pattern, was developed in the early part of the century for military and civilian riding clothes. The hard-wearing, fine-tailoring quality of the fabric is such that it has been used for uniforms and riding and shooting clothes ever since. This fall a group of rugged twilled fabrics, in such traditional breeches colors as stone, fawn and tan, are going to be found in new spectator-sports attire for grandstand and stadium. The slacks, jacket, topcoat and suit shown here being worn at professional soccer matches by fans Bill Blake and John Neufeld and by Danny Blanchflower, former captain of England's Tottenham Hotspur, mark the beginning of a trend that indicates twill will rival tweed for fall sportswear popularity.

## *A hardy fabric takes to the grandstand*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER MOSS JR.

Blanchflower (left) side-kicks a soccer ball in cavalry-twill jacket (\$78, Stanley Blacker) and checked wingcord slacks (\$20, Jaymar-Ruby)

Neufeld (above) wears a fly-front twill topcoat (\$150, Jason Gibbs) to a night game between the New York Generals and Baltimore Bay

Blake (right) in wide-lapel cavalry-twill suit (\$185, Meiselman, New York) watches warmup with Willie Evans, Atlanta Chief fullback.



# End of the Blues:

Other Band Razors should have their heads examined—you'll find they're not all there!



The action's in the new **Schick** 10-edge cartridge—with not just 6, but 10 new edges.

⚡ Equally important, only Schick Science gives you a complete winding mechanism—new with every cartridge. While our competitor may think it's cheaper to put half the band mechanism in the razor and half in the cartridge, old and new parts do not always fit together.



⚡ Finally, the 10 Super Stainless Steel Edges are held taut by an exclusive slotted band for positive shaving control. Every Krona® Edge has the molecular Miron® coating for a surface of unequalled smoothness. Only Schick has the Krona Comfort Edge.

**Schick**

**AUTO-BAND® Razor**

In double edge blades, Injector or band—**Schick** Science **insures** comfort!

Schick Safety Razor Company, Division of EVERSHARP®

Vonda Kay Van Dyke, Miss America of 1965 (below) recently took off from Santa Monica Airport and zipped through her first airplane solo in the family Cessna. Back in 1955, when the talent requirement was introduced into the Miss America contest, it caught a lot of pretty young things a long way off base. It still did in 1965, but Vonda Kay, a professional ventriloquist, was not among them. Three years after her hour of triumph in Atlantic City, she is still ventriloquizing and is a senior at UCLA, a fashion model, a documentary film star, a singer, an author, a wife—and now a pilot as well.

"Rarely do you find on the sea a night so splendid," said Roman Prince Giovanni Pignatelli. "I was all taken by the spectacle of the moon lighting up the surface of the sea when I noted an insistent odor of burning." The perceptive prince was quite right. The moon was not the only thing lighting up the surface of the sea—the boat was on fire. All seven persons aboard the 30-foot motor sailer en route from Monte Carlo to Port' Ercole, Italy, escaped in two rowboats before the craft sank, and after seven hours they were rescued. Pignatelli rested for a day and then went off to find his

rescuers and ask what it had cost them to spend the day saving princes instead of catching fish. He was told about 20,000 lire, which is about \$32—a modest enough sum for a haul of a prince, his wife, two children, one chauffeur, a guest and a sailor.

"I'm not much good at aiming them," sighed Lynda Bird Johnson, discussing a certain weakness in her dart game. It sounds like one of the more unfortunate weaknesses, but Lynda Bird, playing in a London pub, did finally throw a double six to win one game with escort Oscar Molinari and Film Director Peter Collinson. And she picked up public-relations points by managing to grasp the game's English scoring and to say of the unfamiliarly warm beer, "It's just great."

Director Alfred Hitchcock, in his film *The Birds* and Director Roger Vadim, in his film *Bambola*, both went to ridiculous lengths to get shots of a bunch of birds attacking a human being. They could have saved themselves the trouble by hiring Larry Elkins, flanker for the Houston Oilers. A year ago Elkins was riding his bicycle when a bayou into his front wheel. Elkins landed in the bayou and the



duck just kept going. Now Elkins has been attacked by a turkey. He was driving back to the Oiler training camp at Kerrville, Texas, with teammates Alvin Reed and Jerry Jolley, when the turkey flew out of a ditch straight into the car's windshield. "I was sitting on the back seat eating cookies," says Reed, "when all of a sudden I heard this noise and then something struck me in the chest. . . it was the rear-view mirror. I didn't know what was going on." Of course, if Hitchcock and Vadim had hired Elkins, the Oiler flanker would have had to play the roles of Tippi Hedren and Jane Fonda.

more was burning from a motorcycle—rather than a horse—here in the U.S. Film Star Steve McQueen put his motorcycle away and climbed on a horse to learn to play polo. Sir John and English Motor Racing Team Manager Alan Mann bagged two stags and 50 brace of grouse. Steve McQueen got blisters.

Former Middleweight and welterweight Champ Sugar Ray Robinson has made his debut on the legitimate stage. He opened recently in a Las Vegas production of *The Odd Couple* with Mickey Rooney, Buddy Lester, Gary Crosby and Tony Randall (above), in the role of one of the poker players. Pro Actors Rooney and Randall drew en-

thusiastic reviews, but Sugar Ray's performance seems to have stopped the critics dead at their typewriters to grope for a tactful word. "He neatly blends into the hilarity," one of them said, easing off the hook, and another came up with the observation that Sugar Ray had offered a "strongly realistic image." Not as strongly realistic an image, obviously, as he offered to Randy Turpin back in 1951.

The football season is getting under way in most of the country, but Santa Fe, N. Mex. has been lagging behind, as the state's Governor Dave Cargo learned when a group of little boys turned up in his office room. "Ralph told us we couldn't play football in the park no more. He turned the water on when we started to play, then turned it off when we left." "What park?" asked the governor. "Down on the river," the boy answered (meaning the Santa Fe River Park near the capital). Governor Cargo briskly instructed his secretary to get hold of the head of the state parks department and request one good reason why kids should not be playing football in the Santa Fe River Park. The department head proved to have no good reason, and the football season is on in Santa Fe. As one of the little boys observed to another, "See, you hafta go to the top."



# The Charlie O. Finley Follies

Everything's up to date in Kansas City, even avant-garde. The A's fired, hired and fired a manager and gave away a \$75,000 player

At 6:45 on the night of Aug. 3 TWA flight 85 roared down the concrete runway of Boston's Logan Airport and took off on a curious voyage from Boston to Kansas City, with stops along the way in Baltimore and St. Louis. Scattered in seats throughout the jetliner were Alvin Dark and his Kansas City Athletics and other members of the club's party, which included a traveling secretary, two radio broadcasters and a newspaper reporter. The trip to Kansas City would take five hours. What transpired during those five hours triggered the most bizarre baseball story of the year—the firing and suspension of Pitcher Lew Krausse, the firing of Manager Dark, the outright release of First Baseman Ken

Harrelson, and a small-scale rebellion by a baseball team against its controversial owner, Charlie Finley.

For the first leg of the journey, from Boston to Baltimore, there was no liquor aboard the plane, but Ed Hurley, Finley's traveling secretary, had been assured by TWA officials that an ample supply of assorted spirits would be wheeled aboard when the jet touched down at Baltimore. Most managers permit only beer to be served on airplanes, but Dark, a teetotaler himself, did not object to his players drinking liquor, although he expected them to exercise moderation.

Back in the air, the stewardesses served the Athletics their allotted two drinks and began serving dinner. Dark, Hurley and the A's coaches were in the first-class section, the players in the coach section. Jack Aker, the club's player representative and its best relief pitcher, sat beside Harrelson and discussed a few pitching problems he had had during the road trip. Harrelson suggested to Aker that he change speeds more often on his sinker. He also made another suggestion: "Have a couple of Scotches and forget about it."

Sitting a few seats in front of Aker and Harrelson were Lew Krausse and Mike Hershberger, and in front of them was Monte Moore, the A's broadcaster, who is known among the players as "Monte the Ripper," an affectionate description of his broadcasting style. One of the Kansas City players stuffed a piece of paper into the air-conditioning vent behind Moore, causing an irritating, clattering noise similar to that which occurs when a boy attaches a playing card to the spokes of a bicycle wheel with a clothespin.

"Why don't you guys grow up?" snapped Moore. Just about then Harrelson spotted a full tray of unused miniature liquor bottles. He asked the stewardess if he might have a few. "I'm busy, but you can help yourself," she replied.

Assuming they had permission, the players distributed the miniautures.

Moore decided the players were out of line, and he walked up front and complained to Hurley, who said: "What do you care? It's none of your business." Hurley, however, did relay the complaint to Dark, who decided to walk back through the coach sections.

"As soon as I saw their faces, I knew they were up to something," said Dark afterward. "They had innocent looks and were staring straight ahead. I asked the stewardess if she was having trouble. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'they're a great bunch of guys.' I didn't think anymore about it." But Dark had interrupted the "refueling" process. The players were maintaining a look of innocence while hiding bottles of pinched Scotch.

Shortly after 10:30 the plane landed in Kansas City. Several of the A's left the plane in a cheerful mood but hardly in a drunken stupor. As far as the players were concerned, it was not a headline-provoking trip. Yet two weeks later, when they were playing in Washington, Dark received a phone call from Finley informing him that he had fired Krausse \$500 and had suspended him indefinitely for his conduct on the plane. Finley also told Dark he was banning the serving of alcoholic beverages on plane trips.

"Charlie," Dark told the owner, "Krausse's actions weren't that bad. And I don't think the players are going to accept your decision."

"What can they do?" retorted Finley. Dark finally agreed to read Finley's announcement to the team in the clubhouse. When he did, one of the players said: "We already know about that. The story was in the papers this afternoon."

Dark felt that he had been deceived by Finley, but if he was angry, his players were outraged. Aker sat in the bullpen before the game and drew up a rough draft of a statement that accused Finley of "undermining the club's morale." Aker showed the rough draft to Dark, who made no objection to it.

When the club returned to the Shoreham Hotel that evening, Dark received a phone call from Finley, who had arrived in town with Administrative Assistant Ed Lopat. Charlie summoned Dark to his suite, where he asked him again to back up the decision to fine and suspend Krausse. Dark refused.

"Since we can't agree," Finley said, "I think I should tell you that I'm not



AKER SIGNS THE BALL AS FINLEY HANGS



going to renew your contract at the end of the season. And because of that I think it's best that I relieve you of your duties now."

"All right," replied Dark, "but before I go I want to tell you a few things about your organization. You've got great young talent. By 1971 this team should be a pennant winner."

Two and a half hours later Finley had become so enthusiastic about Dark's praise of the organization's potential that he offered Alvin a new two-year contract with a raise in salary. Charlie invited Lopat, Hurley, Moore and two of Dark's coaches, Bobby Hofman and Wes Stock, to join the celebration. For an hour the group talked about the club's great future. Then they were interrupted by Paul O'Boynick, a reporter for the *Kansas City Star*.

"Do you have a comment on the players' statement?" asked O'Boynick.

"What statement?" asked Finley.

As O'Boynick handed the statement to Finley, Dark's immediate reaction was, "Well, I'm fired again."

The statement concluded: "If Mr. Finley would give his excellent manager and fine coaching staff the authority they deserve, these problems would not exist."

"I'll have to hold back the announcement of Dark's new contract," snapped Finley. He asked Hurley to summon Aker and, when the player representative could not be located, the infuriated owner ordered Hofman to conduct a head check of the entire squad. During the head check (Aker was the only player AWOL) Finley asked each of those present, except Dark, "Haven't I been good to you?" "Yes, you have, Charlie," they replied. Finley also threatened a \$1,000 fine for any player who so much as made a snide comment about Broadcaster Monte Moore. "And I'll make it stick," declared Finley.

At 2:30 a.m. Aker finally arrived at the meeting. When he entered the crowded suite he walked over to Dark and in a stage whisper said: "Alvin, I'm sorry. I never would have stayed out late if I'd known Mr. Finley was coming."

"Mr. Finley wants to talk to you," interrupted Dark. Finley demanded an immediate retraction of the players' statement. Aker refused, saying that he had acted as the players' representative and had obeyed their unanimous vote. At 6:40—or eight and a half hours after

*continued*

# Great new outdoor sport

Cutting firewood with the new Homelite XL-101 chain saw is just that, an outdoor sport. It weighs only 10 1/4 pounds\*, yet cuts through 12-inch logs in 12 seconds. With the XL-101 you can easily cut your own firewood, trim your trees, or clear away storm damage. Try an XL chain saw this weekend. Get the feel of its perfect balance and easy handling. Your Homelite dealer will show you why Homelite XLs are the fastest-selling chain saws in the world. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.



Other Homelite chain saws are priced as low as \$125.95.

\*Less bar and chain. Complete saw with 12" bar and chain weighs only 12 lbs. 3 oz.

**HOMELITE** Alextron DIVISION

5309 RIVERDALE AVENUE, FORT CHESTER, N.Y.



## The career camera

Most men who've arrived in photography are Nikon users, as are those on the way up. The exception is rare.

Quality has much to do with this. But more compelling, perhaps, is the versatility of the Nikon F system—the responsive vitality of the equipment in the hands of the user, which enables him to bring its quality into play at the very moment of truth.

Whatever your career or career ambitions, if you are in earnest about photography, the Nikon F system offers limitless capabilities upon which you can draw. See your Nikon dealer, or write for details.

Nikon F shows with new "center-weighted" Photronic TV thru the lens exposure system.

Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11533

Subsidiary of Ethicon Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.

(In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd. P.Q.)

Villa D'Este has a masculine, foresty kind of smell. That lasts. We blend it from rare wood oils, ferns and mosses. Most people we ask like it. Maybe you will, too. After Shave \$4 and \$7. Cologne \$5 and \$9.

**VILLA  
D'ESTE**  
AFTER SHAVE  
COLOGNE



**it smells  
good**

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017, NEW JERSEY, N.J. 07102

## BASEBALL continued

the meeting began—Finley left, saying he was going out to get a cup of coffee, and Dark returned to his room, convinced he was out of a job. An hour later he received confirmation.

"Alvin, I have decided to make a change," came the familiar voice.

Several hours later, Dark rode to D.C. Stadium and talked to the players. He left them with tears in his eyes, unable to finish. The players held another meeting, and Aker said: "Some of you guys are young. You've got a lot of years ahead of you. If you want to back out, nobody will object." Nobody backed out. Instead the players issued a second statement expressing a "deep personal" loss over the firing of Dark and concluding: "We feel this action is the result of the players' public statement of August 19th."

The following morning Finley read that and a statement in the press by Harrelson that said: "Finley is a menace to baseball." Charlie immediately phoned his first baseman.

"Kenny, this is Charlie. Did you say those things?"

"I said everything except that you were a menace," replied Harrelson. "What I actually said to the reporter was that I thought your actions of the last few days were bad for baseball."

When Finley asked him what might happen if he were given his release, Harrelson said, "I'd probably have a lot of trouble getting another job."

"Draw up a retraction and I'll call you back," Finley said.

Harrelson was working on a retraction when he received a second call from Finley. He had been released. That night, while Harrelson was packing, Luke Appling, the new manager, hinted that Finley might be interested in retaining him. Harrelson said, "No, thanks." By now, he was aware of his great bargaining position. The Red Sox, the White Sox, the Twins and the Tigers had all called him, and he hadn't received that much attention since he was undisputed arm-wrestling champion of the American League. He selected the Red Sox, who reportedly agreed to pay him \$75,000 in bonus and salary.

"The first thing I'm going to do," declared Harrelson, "is send Charlie Finley some money I owe him, a thank-you note and a dozen roses."

That may be the only bouquet Charlie Finley receives this summer.

**END**

# Hammered Brass

...the color that comes on strong!



With menswear going bold, shoe color has to keep in step to make the scene. RAND has it: Hammered Brass! Plenty of authority without being presumptuous! RAND Shoes, about \$14 to \$27. INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

**RAND.** 

# POSITIVELY PENDLETON®

...the colorful way  
to complete  
a fall wardrobe

Cardswear Cardigan \$48, Knit Shirt \$16, Sport Shirt \$16, Unity Sweater \$20, Allover Trim Jacket \$30, Sub Weight Shirt \$10, Henneck Jacket with Zip Coll Lined \$30, Knit Shirt \$16, Socks \$30-40



Swing back to school with Pendleton sportswear. Goes with anything—practically—everywhere. Always of virgin wool in rich, contemporary tones. Pendletons have the knack of coordinating casually for the total look of sportswear. Be wise, make Pendleton your elective this term...next term...all year.



We'll gladly answer any questions on Pendleton sportswear. Write Dept. S-13, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97208. © 1987 Pendleton

PURVIS LINDEN PHOTO





*Commander Whitehead at Yorktown, Virginia. Cornwallis slept here.*

## Bitter Lemon has Schwopped the country. Without a shot being fired.

We took the juice, the pulp, the peel, the very *all* of lemons, blended them with our own imported essence and invented Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

In Bitter Lemon we have a mixer that, when added to gin or vodka, prickles the taste buds and causes otherwise gentle men

to smack their lips and give forth glad cries.

In Bitter Lemon we also have a soft drink that is safe from the innocently pilfering ways of small children. A slightly tart, truly adult soft drink.

One sip of it and we'll have you surrendering to us this time.



*In most areas, Schweppes is available in convenient no-deposit, no-return bottles.*

## Jeremy the kingmaker

Last year Jeremy Flint of London mounted a sustained assault on American bridge titles. In an unprecedented foreign invasion of the U.S. tournament scene, he set a record by becoming a Life Master in 11 weeks, and he collected 1,197 master points in less than 10 months. But the race for the McKenney Trophy, symbol of the best all-round tournament performance, had been in progress for two months before Flint got here, and Peter Pender, the partner with whom Flint played for most of the year, had already won a great many points on his own. As a result, the best Flint could do was boost Pender to a McKenney win, while he himself finished as runner-up.

This year, having returned to Britain in April, Flint finds himself in a similar situation. Shortly after getting home he formed a highly successful partnership with Tony Praday.

However, before Flint's return, Praday had won the Gold Cup and several other major events, so once again the best that Flint himself can do is to play the role of kingmaker and help Praday become Britain's player of the year.

Flint is a brilliant player without seeking to be spectacular. He is fascinated with new systems and is credited with inventing at least two conventions of his own. But most often he achieves his successes through technical skill. In this hand from the recent British Team Trials he and Praday collaborated to put up a fine defense.

The standard defense with East's heart holding is to duck the first lead, retaining control so that two tricks can be won when West leads the suit again. But this would not succeed. South would lead a club. If East ducks and lets West as for another heart lead, he can collect two heart tricks but declarer will ruff two diamonds in dummy and make his contract.

Flint therefore won the first heart and returned a trump. Declarer won and finessed a heart to Flint's jack. Flint gave Praday a heart ruff, won a club return with his ace and led a second trump. Declarer could ruff one diamond and discard one on the fourth heart, but was left with a diamond loser for down one.

There then followed a brief discussion between North and South, ending with the conclusion that the contract could never be made, even if South began ruffing diamonds in dummy immediately.

"You are wrong," interjected Flint, "it can be made. After you win the trump return at trick two, you lead a low diamond to the board."

There are two things remarkable about this seemingly suicidal play, the speed with which Flint produced the suggestion and the fact that it works.

Suppose West wins the diamond and continues hearts. Dummy wins and leads a club. East can take this trick and cash the heart jack, but if he leads a fourth heart, South ruffs high, cashes the diamond ace and trumps both remaining diamonds in dummy. If East does not cash the heart jack but leads a low one for partner to ruff, again South will be able to cash his diamond ace and trump two diamond losers.

Or suppose West wins the diamond at trick three and continues the trump attack. South wins, ruffs a low diamond in dummy and leads a club. Regardless of who wins, South can take the diamond return with his ace, draw the remaining trump and duck a heart to East's jack. East has no more diamonds, so South later gets rid of his last diamond on one of dummy's good hearts. **END**

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer

NORTH			
♠	K J 9		
♥	K Q 10 9 5		
♦	4		
♣	J 7 6 5 2		
WEST			
♠	6 5		
♥	A 3		
♦	K 10 9 8 5		
♣	K Q 9 3		
SOUTH			
♠	A Q 10 8 4		
♥	6 5 2		
♦	A J 7 3		
♣	8		
SOUTH			
1 ♠	PASS	NORTH	EAST
2 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of hearts



## TIME CAPSULES

are as fascinating as...

Charlie Chaplin, Herbert Hoover, Joe Louis, Douglas MacArthur, Charles Lindbergh, Adolf Hitler, Adlai Stevenson, Humphrey Bogart, W.C. Fields, Babe Ruth, Pope John, Ernest Hemingway, Joe DiMaggio. These, and the countless others who have been the tyrants, the clowns, the heroes, and the artists, are included in TIME CAPSULES, a new series of books condensed from TIME Magazine. Each volume covers a year, excerpting the original articles. Indexed for easy reference.




**\$1.65** in paperback wherever  
books and magazines are sold  
(hardcover, \$3.95)

# THE HUSTLE OF TEXAS BILLY

BY GILBERT ROGIN







*He can't see out of one eye and he's not too good with the other. He looks skinny and puny, like a sucker. But Billy knows a dozen ways to beat you*

I've always believed that every man born has something that he can do better than anyone in the whole wide world," says Billy Wayne Mays, a 31-year-old Dallas carpenter, his shoelaces untied, a pack of cigarettes rolled into a sleeve of his T shirt, eyes bigger than life back of his glasses. "But not many men ever discover what that something is. I'm lucky. I found the one thing I can do better than anyone. I can shoot hell out of that shuffleboard."

W. G. (Red) Oster, a contractor for whom Mays sometimes works, says, "Billy will climb a tree to tell a lie when he could sit on the ground and tell the truth," but it is generally conceded that he is the finest shuffleboard player going. Some hustlers maintain that the legendary Granville Humphrey, who in 1964 was sentenced to two years for unlawful sale of stimulants and possession of amphetamines, is the best man that ever walked up to a shuffleboard table.

"He went to the penitentiary to play," a hustler was saying the other day.

"He heard there was a table there," said another.

"And they locked the door."

"Granville Humphrey owes me \$1,800," says Billy Mays.

Billy doesn't confine himself to shuffleboard action. By his own admission, he's not half bad at the other games hustlers play in the beer bars and cocktail lounges where the customers drink tomato beer and Seven Hugh. As he says, "Any man in the land. Any amount he can count. Any game he can name." This doesn't include pool, which he won't shoot unless he's spotted a ball or two—or cards or dice. "That's gambling," says Billy. "I don't like to gamble. Another man has a pretty good chance of winning. I don't like to play anyone that has a pretty good chance of winning."

Billy considers himself one, two or three in the country in Shuffle Alley, the coin-operated bowling machine played with pucks or weights. "I shot 68 perfect games in a row against this old boy in the Flamingo Club in Houston," he says, "and got heat out of \$400. They called him King, and he proved it. But then we went to another machine and I captured him for \$1,400."

Billy also says he's right up at the top on the Bowler, the coin-operated bowling machine played with balls. "Bob Miles—they called him Mr. Shuffleboard Himself—bet me \$10 I couldn't break 100 with a sack over my head," Billy says. "I had 106 on the fourth frame and a strike working in the fifth." Billy is fifth or sixth in the U.S. in bumper or peg pool and 10th or 12th in chugalonging. However, he admits that in the latter Suicide Ray of El Monte, Calif., is in a class by himself. "He don't drink it," says Billy, "he throws it down. He can't miss. He's got a mouth from car to car. He drinks a keg of beer between 8 a.m. and midnight. Draw him a large glass and he'll let you set a shot of whiskey on the bar with your hand four inches away and he'll bet you \$100 he'll beat you before you can throw it over your shoulder and set it back down. Then there's Tex. He takes a dime, sets it on a table and

continues

blows it in a beer glass. I'll take a little bit of action on that. Bubba, out of Winslow, Ariz., he picks up a four-by-eight-foot table with his teeth and walks around the room with it. He walks off with it. I lost \$10 on that, but it was worth it to see it. Tinkerbell sticks a knife in the ceiling and lines up a beer bottle so it'll drop in. He won't do it for less than five or 10, though. He's just a typical hustler. Everyone has some kind of gimmick to promote money on the side."

Billy's is his five-trick shuffleboard shots. "Not a player in the world can do all five of them," he says. "Trick shooting is something you can make a little money on when players aren't around or when they won't play no more."

Billy will also arm-wrestle for \$100 or match up and fight for the same price. "The one that stays out there loses," he says. "It's kind of hard on the clothes, though—skin, too." He'll run you a foot race ("I can do the 100 in 10 flat—than'll beat most bar players") or bet he can outrun any car over 50 feet—manual or automatic shift. "I make them put it in neutral," he says. "I'm in neutral when I'm standing there."

Another one of the little games Billy plays is shooting lines—also known as pitching quarters. "I'm a pretty good line shot," he says. "I won a bar off an old boy in Memphis pitching lines. We were playing shuffleboard and they closed on us. We pitched at the line in the middle of the road. When the traffic got too heavy we had to move over to the

ball park. But I pitch a lot better on ground than concrete, where if they hit just right they take off. On ground when it hits it comes back at you thisaway and then bounces back on the same identical spot. We pitched for \$100 a pitch for 15 hours at 30 feet, and the last six hours neither of us were over eight inches from the line. I won \$1,500 cash and the bar, but I gave it back."

Nonetheless, shuffleboard is Billy's road game. He's played in every state and says that California has the most action, Virginia the least. From 1960 through 1964 Billy averaged 100,000 miles and three or four used cars a year. On a number of these trips he was accompanied by his wife, Jean, who used to ride a Harley 74 and who once managed the Oasis, a beer bar in San Bernardino. "We'd finish one town and then drive 500 miles and play the next," Jean says. "It wouldn't have been so bad if I didn't have to be chauffeur." Jean is regarded as the best woman player in the country and the superior of 98% of the men. Billy and Jean have often teamed up to play partners or doubles. They played head to head only once. Jean won.

Since Eldred Wayne, Billy's 9-year-old son, died of leukemia in 1964, the Mayses have done little traveling. Jean has a job nights printing color film for Econo-Color, and when Billy isn't working for Red Oster he is at his shop in Mesquite, Texas, where he sells and services shuffleboards for the National Shuffleboard Company. Nowadays Billy gen-

## THE DEMANDING GAME OF SHUFFLEBOARD

Shuffleboard is not deck shuffleboard, the full and proper name of the game played with a cue or stick. Deck shuffleboard is a parvenu that was apparently devised late in the 19th century as a shipboard amusement for children, and is now, of course, inextricably associated with St. Petersburg, Fla. and senior citizens. True shuffleboard—first called shoveboard and then, inexplicably, shuffleboard—seems to have originated in England, where there is a record of its being played in 1532, and in its earliest form consisted of shoving coins across a polished tabletop. Shuffleboard was one of the first games played in the American colonies, but, along with dice, cards, bowls, quarts and nuncups, it was banned on account of the early Puritan "detestation of idleness." Indeed, in Colonial Connecticut and Massachusetts shuffleboard was described as a game in which "much precious time is spent unfruitfully."

Nonetheless—or, rather, for this very reason—shuffleboard has flourished. According to Sol Lipkin, sales manager of the American Shuffleboard Company of Union City, N.J., which has 99% of the market, there are perhaps half a million boards now in use. American sold 3,500 last year

"The only trouble with the shuffleboard business," says Nick Melone, American's general manager, "is that shuffleboards last forever."

Shuffleboards aren't confined to bars. For example, American sells to the YMCA, the Salvation Army and the Baptist Church (in this vein, Billy Mays says he once won a \$30 Bible from a Bible salesman in shuffleboard.) American has also shipped 150 boards to Vietnam and has even installed a retractable board on a torpedo rack on the nuclear-powered submarine U.S.S. *Thetford Roosevelt*.

Celebs play shuffleboard. Jackie Gleason and Perry Como have played at home. Rock Hudson played Billy Mays in a Hollywood bar. "I beat him three times for \$100," Billy recalls. "Seeing I had a catch win, I tried to get him to bet money. I wanted to play for \$200 or quit. Since I quit he was sure glad, because he said he'd have hated to play me until he beat me."

A regulation shuffleboard playing surface is made out of rock maple, weighs 484 pounds, takes a month to manufacture and is 20 feet 8 inches long. To play, two players, each with four weights, stand at the same end of the table. The first player slides

his first weight toward the other end of the board, which is divided into acres worth one, two and three points; a weight hanging off the end of the board counts as four points, and 15 points wins. (Shuffleboard players have to be able to shoot with either hand, and among the various deliveries are the colorfully named Jersey twist, the semi-Jersey, the reverse Jersey, the flat weight and the reverse flat.)

The opponent then shoots his first weight, generally attempting to knock off the other player's weight or to outdistance it. The two players continue shooting alternately until all weights have been shuffled. The player whose leading weight is furthest down the board is the winner of the round and he scores whichever of his weights are in front of his opponent's leading weight. The contestants then go to the opposite end of the board, where another round starts, the loser of the previous round shooting last. This is called having the hammer. Delivering the weight for the sole purpose of scoring is called lagging. You've got to be able to shoot in shuffleboard—knock weights off or hit and stick—but ultimately the best lagger is going to win. As Billy Mays says: "You shoot for show and lag for dough."



*Billy's haunt is the beer bar, and his time runs true—the glaring afternoon or the very small hours of the dark night*

erally plays once a week as the Silver Seven out by Love Field. "I got to keep in practice," he says, "so if a road boy come to town I can beat him."

On the road Billy prefers hitting the small towns. "Those of 500 population or maybe 1,000, they got that one hero there," he says. "In those little towns the people forces the people to play me. 'We know you can beat him,' they say. 'Play him some.' You bustle the big ones, you're just lucky to run into the right spot." According to legend, the hustler is supposed to let the fish win a few games before jacking up and busting him, but Billy doesn't see it that way. "I always figure," he says, "if you let them get your money you might never get it back. I go in and say I'm the best in the world. If you tell someone that you're the best in something they always know someone who can beat you. And if you can't beat the best in town you might as well not go on the road."

Says Jean, despairingly: "He'll play for \$100 a game and come out one ahead so he can have the pure glory of the game. And all those fishes there for 10 and 20 and he can't lose."

Says Billy, "I like to run across good players. When you run across good players you run across good money. If you want to run into a shark, you've got to wade in deep water. You can't be a bit scared of money. This is a game that takes a lot of guts, good steady nerves—they can start a fire behind me, I keep playing, unless I want to watch it—and you got to be brave as hell. Safe playing will beat you every time. People can't figure out why I win so many times. Because I go for it."

Says Jean: "Billy's ego won't let him play safe. It's lost him a few games. That's why many of the players won't play partners with him. He likes to be a showoff. It takes

two to win and two to lose, but Billy wants to be the hero and win all the games."

Says Billy: "You go out to win but you always know there's a slight chance of losing. Over the hill there's always the next guy on his board."

The home board is a big advantage in shuffleboard. Each board has its distinctive speed, drifts and tricky spots. "There ain't a board in the world that's perfectly level," Billy says. "The straightest board I ever played on curved a half or three-quarters of an inch. Most curve five or six. Philadelphia boards are so slow it's like ice skating on concrete. A couple of years ago a player told me there was good action at Michael's Bar in Philadelphia. I wanted to play for \$100. We played for \$20 and I lost five in a row. I never missed a weight, lagged a one or went off the board. They wouldn't shoot at threes, they'd outlug them. The old boy I was playing against lagged 25 straight threes. That board was so slow you could throw them overhand and they wouldn't go nowhere. We done drove 1,000 miles to make all that money, but the player who told us to go there neglected to tell us they'd beat him. I finally captured them, though. I have a 72% chance of winning on a board I've played two days."

"The more crooked the board the better I play. There was one in Gallup, N. Mex. that was ungodly. Felix knew every little crook in that board and he was a boogerbear. He busted me twice. I came back the next day and captured him. C. B. Faulkner, who was once offered a fight with Sugar Ray Robinson, has a damned crooked backside board he plays on in Little Rock. You need a road map to play it."

Boards aren't all that's crooked in shuffleboard. Players

*continued*

have been known to put salt on the end of a board to stop a weight, or use a magnet or spit on the weight or put ear wax on the bottom. Or they'll jack up the legs of the table to change the drift or raise up an end and kick a cigarette butt or beer coaster under a leg.

Billy rarely finds it necessary to assume a false identity to get action on the road, and the few times he's tried it it has backfired. Once, in Memphis, he introduced himself as Wayne Mays in the hope he wouldn't be recognized. "Oh," the fish said, "you're that Wayne Mays that passed through here a few years ago." Another time, in Pasco, Wash., he decided to go under the name of Wayne Nickels, but the next day when someone asked what was his name again, he couldn't remember. "I knew it wasn't Quarter or Penny," Billy recalls thinking. "So I told him, 'Wayne Dimes.'" Since Billy doesn't have to shave more than twice a week he's had no luck growing a beard, but he has been known to put his arm in a sling to go hustling. His ineffectual appearance usually works as well as anything. As a player said the other day: "Look at Billy Mays. He don't look like he can do nothing. He don't look like he can cross the street."

Billy Mays was born in Emory, Texas, was smoking when he was 5, rolling his own when he was 6, was married four times before he was 21 and has gone to jail seven times in one day. When he was 9 one of his five brothers hit him in the right eye with a slingshot and he hasn't seen out of it since. When he was 17, Donnie Fleeman, who later kayoed Ezzard Charles and fought Roy Harris, knocked him cross-eyed by hitting him on the back of the head. When a player recently suggested that Billy even things up by playing without his glasses, Billy said: "I'll tell you what, I'll shoot without them if you shoot with them." Indeed, to get games Billy often has to play with one hand or with a broomstick or backwards or blindfolded. These are what are known as spots. "A spot," says Billy, "is something that sounds like it give you a chance—but don't." As a matter of fact, there is a blind man that plays horse collar, one of the half a dozen shuffleboard games. "I don't know anyone can go up and beat him where he plays," says Billy. "Blind John. Wichita Falls, Texas." There's even a horse that plays in Truth or Consequences, N. Mex. He picks up the weight with his teeth and pushes it with his nose. "I'll play that horse for \$50," a hustler told its owner not too long ago. "I imagine I can beat him." "You probably could," the owner said, "but I'll bet you \$100 you couldn't find another horse that could."

Before he took up shuffleboarding Billy was a pretty fair boxer. When he was 16 he was middleweight champion of Fort Leonard Wood despite the fact that you have to be 17 and see out of two eyes to be in the Army. Billy still gets in the odd fight. "I walk away from a fight," he says, "but they better not follow me." He doesn't take his glasses off before a fight. "I never have to hit a man more than one time in what you call streetfighting," he explains. Indeed, it was his big punch and not his birthplace that got him his road

name—Texas Billy. This came about in the Park Inn Diner in Buena Park, Calif. The way Billy says it happened, a rodeoer who stood 6' 10", went 285 and wore a big cowboy hat came into the place, "wiped a big old X in the middle of the shuffleboard and said: 'The game is stopped.' It just so happen two real tough boys are playing. They really love to fight. I jumped up on the bar and put my feet on the stool. One of the boys grabs him a shuffleboard weight and hits Tex in the chest. 'If you don't want to eat that weight . . ." Tex says. "What with one thing and another the question was posed as to who was or wasn't going to pull Tex's hat down over his ears. It turned out to be Billy, who knocked him down with one punch. "He came in 10 feet tall and went out two," says a player named Eddie Contreras, who was there. "The next day he showed up on TV in the calisthenics contest with a bandage around his head. Tied his calf in pretty good time, too."

"When I was 22 I was the best shuffleboard player in the world," Billy says. "When I was 21 I didn't know what a shuffleboard was." Billy got started playing after breaking his back falling out of a 125-foot oil derrick. Actually, the way Billy tells it, he fell about 25 feet, then grabbed hold of a pipe and, evidently, sort of slid the rest of the way. While he was hanging around Dallas with his back in a brace he got hustled into a game in Sam's Place, drew Granville Humphrey as a partner, won \$40, played the rest of the day and lost all of it back. For the next three months Billy opened Sam's at 8 a.m. and didn't leave until they shut the door at midnight. "At the end of three months I was the best player in Dallas," he says.

**B**ut Billy didn't make his name until 1962, when he beat Bob Miles out of \$22,000 in the Park Inn Diner. "We played for 30 hours," Billy says. "Let's play for \$100," Bob Miles said. "Let's play for \$200," I said. "Make it \$300," he said. "Make it \$400," I said. There were 120 people in there betting, and only three were betting on me. I won 18 in a row—19 out of 21. He went busted five times and had to go get money. While he was gone I played \$500 freeze-out with Mexican Tommy—he's an interior decorator who has the most beautiful shot in shuffleboard, it's poetry in motion—and K. C. Kid, who's also known as K. C. Chuck. K. C. started betting on me after I busted him. Won \$4,800. Another boy won \$4,000. Some nights you throw those weights up there, looks like someone stop them with a string."

The most Billy ever played for was \$1,000 a game in Pasco, Wash.; he won \$10,000. Billy also says he once won \$10,000 in Stockton, Calif. "Mostly hot checks," he says. "From a rich man—supposedly. The bar was guaranteeing his checks. But when they turned out to be hot they said they didn't know he was going so strong." Billy claims he has \$100,000 in bad checks in his bureau drawer.

"I don't play against paper," Jean says, "I don't like no paper and I don't give no paper. The last one I had was for

\$400, and I sold it for \$50. I can show you a stack of checks that won't quit."

"They play that last game on nerve," Billy says. "A guts game. They give you a check to keep from fighting you."

Insolvent or busted shuffleboard players are often able to get bankrolled by people like Chuck the Backer for half their winnings, if any. There are also specialists such as Caroline, who are, in effect, backer brokers. "Caroline, he wears a little black derby," Jean says. "You won't shut him up no way. Ask him can he play any game, that's his road game. Never spends his money. But he'll sell you a backer."

"For a split, he'll get you a backer," says Billy. "Chuck the Backer, he can't play for nothing."

When Billy is playing, Jean banks the winnings in her purse or in her panty girdle. "They've taken Billy a couple of times," she says, "but they never took me. I had this .25 automatic. I could get five bull's eyes out of 10 at 30 yards. When he's playing I always make sure to find me a seat with my back to the wall and watch his back. He can't watch his back and front, too." On several occasions Jean had to show the gun to get them out the door. Jean does all right with her hands, too. She has two or three small scars about her mouth from fights. The Mayases lost the .25 after Billy used it on a man who robbed him at knife point in Miami. Billy says to only push him so far. He once accidentally scalped a man by punching him between the eyes. Another time he rammed a broomstick down a man's throat, which is the only thing he's ashamed of in this line.

Jean doesn't like to let Billy have more than \$100 in his pockets. "The shorter money he has, the better he plays. Every time he has \$200 he loses. Just keep him with \$100 and he wins. Billy shoots his best game when no one's watching or on real short money."

Billy is what is known as a marathon player. "I don't really get warmed up till I stay up 24 hours," he says. "In 1961 I played one man for 60 hours without stopping. I had already been up a day and a half. Oklahoma City. I won \$1,800. Anytime a player starts playing a marathon player for a few hours it's just like stacking a gun in his belly and saying give him your money, because he's going to get it." Unlike most players, if Billy is playing a session—10 or 15 straight games—he stays away from the booze. "When it's for serious money he drinks milk," says Jean. "I don't go in these places to drink," says Billy. "I can drink at home." And, unlike most players, Billy isn't on pills—what they call goodies. "I can stay up longer without them than with them," he says. "Wacky Dan [which is not his real name], he misses a three, he runs outside, takes 10 bennies, runs inside, misses another three. Another player buys them 10,000 at a time."

"One guy I was playing asked me whether I had any goodies on me," says Jean. "I gave him two tranquilizers."

"But the longer you stay up," says Billy, "the softer that pool table gets to looking."

Billy considers shuffleboard a more difficult game than

pool, and shuffleboard players more socially acceptable than pool players. "In pool you start making balls in a month," he says. "To be any good in shuffleboard takes you a year. I've never seen a pool player that's worth a damn—as being a good guy. Shuffleboard players are businessmen, have real nice jobs, with a few exceptions. Bill Makon makes false teeth. Garry Moore is a postman. Kenny Herdman is a superintendent for Bell. Clyde Jones—they call him Jonesy—he has a nursery."

Billy feels he's better than they are because he is more cunning. "There's 100 players that shoot or lag as good or better than I do," he says, "but they don't win the games I do. So there's got to be something else. I outthink them. It's like playing chess. You got to play way ahead of your opponent. A lot of them don't know how to play way ahead. In this game all you concentrate on is stealing points. Knowing how to get them is the main factor. The others concentrate on hitting weights and lagging and hope the other guy misses. I make them miss, make them do stuff they don't want to do. They finally get disgusted because they can't hit the weight where I put it. Whenever I find a place I can't shoot pretty good, I try to make sure a player don't get to put nothing on me there. In other words, I block that spot. Every player has a weakness that a player can beat him with. I have one. I'm the only one that knows it and I'm not sure of it. The majority of boards, it's hard for me to stick five inches off the rail in the deuce or trey."

"But overall I haven't lost to a single player in the last five years. Three times I've lost money. Jonesy, Bill Van Curan—they call him Bill Van. Mexican Tommy come out ahead of me one night. Bill Van outlagged a four on me for \$500. An impossible shot that was possible. That was the only time I've ever seen it. I've outlagged a lot of threes, but I never outlagged a four. But I got a big bang out of watching them beat me. It's the thrill of their lives. It tickles me."

"He loves to play so much he'll actually lose money just to play," says Jean. "He'll spot himself out."

"Whenever I get playing I have no interest in money," says Billy. "I just like to play to be playing. It'll relax you more than anything in the world. Whenever I play I don't have a worry in the world. Everything else is gone. Life's just a big lot of lugs."

"I never made a ruckel playing shuffleboard," a player named Rod Cameron was saying not too long ago. "I like the atmosphere. You meet a lot of characters like Billy. If you wrote up every game he lost you wouldn't have enough paper. He's been busted more than any shuffleboard hustler."

"I made more money than any shuffleboard hustler," said Billy. "I usually spot Rod a point and a hammer and he won't play. I'll play anyone in the world on any board, give them 14 points if they give me all the hammers."

"Let's slow down something," another player said to Billy. "I'll buy your glasses for \$50."

"If he can't outshoot you, he'll outtalk you," said Jean.

continued

This was in Moose Lodge 1818, a storefront in Dallas where Billy was promoting what he called the First Official World's Shuffleboard Tournament, \$1,000.00 Guaranteed. Billy was eliminated in the singles but he and Bill Mahon of Davis, Okla. took second in the doubles. Then, the day following the tournament, Billy busted three players, making \$1,400. (Players are never wholly broke, however, for, as Billy says, "any hustler, you always give him road money.") "That's why I like tournaments," he says. "The gathering of the players. Everyone got to try me."

Two days later Billy and Jean flew to Los Angeles, rented a car and drove to the Islander bar in Garden Grove, Calif., which has blowfish for light fixtures and "Kancs" and "Wahines" on the restroom doors and where they had heard there was action.

"We got to find out where they're playing," Billy said. "Let everyone know we're in town. In two hours half the players in southern California will know we're here."

As it turned out, there wasn't any action at the Islander, so Billy called the Dixie Tavern in Chino, where he had played on his last trip to California two years previous.

"They said they're playing at the Hi-Spot in Rubidoux," Billy said when he returned to the car. "The reasons players move around be a player at one particular spot loses a lot of money. But all you got to do is find one player and you find all the action."

Billy and Jean took a motel room in Riverside, which is near Rubidoux, and drove out to J.D.'s Hi-Spot, a gabled beer bar that sits on a desolate stretch of Mission Highway. Billy learned the players wouldn't be in until the weekend. But he did run into Tommy Galvin, out of Cucamonga, who was 24 and had been half of the third-place doubles

team in Billy's tournament. Tommy mentioned that his real father was a big producer. "I don't know his name," he added vaguely. "I don't play to prove I'm a player. I play to make money. I used to hustle pool, I gave it up. Too much competition. I look like an easy fish. I make the payments on my car."

Billy, Jean and Tommy drove to the Jolly Jug in Montclair, a cocktail lounge with spangles on the ceiling approximating stars; a brown doll made out of what looked like a chlorine jug sat on the piano bar. Jonesy was there, and Billy played him five games. Jonesy won the first two for \$10. Billy jacked him up to \$20 and won the next game, lost the next, jacked him up to \$30 and won. Jonesy said he had to go home, and Billy, Jean and Tommy took off for The Barn in Costa Mesa, which has a sign on the wall reading: APPEARING NIGHTLY THE COSTA MESA POLICE DEPARTMENT. At 2, Jean lay down on three bar stools and tried to sleep. All the lights were out except those illuminating the shuffleboard table, the Bowler and the cigarette machine. When they left The Barn, Billy was still trying to get A.Z. and Jack to play for \$100 an end. "If we'd have played three more games we'd have won all three, most likely," he said later.

The next night Billy was back at the Hi-Spot, shoelaces dragging.

"I want all that Texas money before it gets out of town," said Eddie Contreras, who was waiting for him.

"You going to have to steal it," said Billy.

"Now that he looks like a piece of spaghetti, I'll lick him in arm-wrestling," Contreras said.

Billy started riding Horace (not his real name), and his girl, a couple of card thieves.

"I'll tell you what," Billy said. "Any game, I'll play you pool for \$50 a game, shuffleboard for \$50 a game."

"That means you win one and get a chance in the other," said Horace. "I'll flip you a coin for \$100."

Billy was finally reduced to doing his trick shots for drinks all around. Horace bought.

"Man, that's some strong," said Horace's girlfriend. "I'd like to borrow this guy. Double the bankroll in four or five days."

Billy drove over to the Headhunters, a beer bar in Fontana, where the owner said he'd give him \$10 appearance money. In the car Billy said: "I chased a bunch of geese in my life. Boy, I chased a lot of geese all over. You get tired of being the best. I'm going to retire at 35—retire from playing and working. I got eight acres of land in East Texas. Two years I'll buy another 100 acres, lounge around, live on the farm, raise cattle and horses, go fishing, water skis. I'm going to build me a round house, because it's something different. Build it around a tree. I got the idea when I was laying bricks, building bars in millionaires' homes."

At the Headhunters a woman asked him: "Do you want to play for money? I got \$2 here." "I generally don't like an overfriendly bar," Billy confided. The lady kept after him.

*continued*

*Billy and wife Jean share a genuine affection and a common prof.*

We built the Hermes 3000 to be the first 40-credit student's typewriter.

Can you think of anything we've forgotten?

These are our Flying Margins. You will find them on no other machine. They warn you when you're about to break a word wrong and lose points with the professor.

The Hermes 3000 is up to whatever you're doing in school. Its full 44-key keyboard has all the service keys of an office typewriter.

The 3000 is one of the easiest typewriters to learn to think on. It's smooth-running, accurate and fast.

The Hermes 3000 is packed with little extras. Like these holders for notecards. And a paper table behind the carriage for correcting with the paper in the machine.

The automatic tabulator makes columns of figures as easy to type as text.

We've built in a half spacing device that allows degree marks and footnote numbers to be typed right up where they belong.

You can even cut a sheet on the 3000 in one of four ribbon positions.

#### PROPERTIES OF LINES

THEOREM 1. If  $L_1 = \sin P_1(x)$  and  $L_2 = P_2(x)$  have zeros and are fixed, then

(a) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(b) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(c) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(d) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(e) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(f) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(g) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(h) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(i) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(j) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(k) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(l) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(m) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(n) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(o) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(p) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(q) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(r) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(s) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(t) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(u) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(v) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(w) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(x) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(y) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

(z) the  $(P_1(x) + P_2(x)) = \sin P_1(x) + \sin P_2(x) = 1$ ,  $L_1 = L_2$

Because we know you type far into the night when your paper's due in the morning, we've housed the 3000 in a sound-absorbent casing.

We've built a top that locks here to the base for carrying the 3000 off to college. For room to room trips, we've made the Hermes 3000 light in weight and compact enough to fit any surface.

The Hermes 3000 costs \$129.50. About the same as two semesters of books. Like the books, it's worth it.

For the name of the Hermes dealer in your area and for literature on our full line of typewriters and adding machines, write: Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036.

#### HERMES

A division of Paillard Incorporated makes Bolex movie cameras.

refreshingly different



# English Leather®



The new, exciting scent for men—a fresh, completely new fragrance note that lasts and lasts!

AFTER SHAVE \$2.50, \$4.50  
COLOGNE \$3.00, \$5.00  
AEROSOL DEODORANT \$1.50  
SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD \$2.00  
RUBDOWN BODY LOTION \$3.00  
DEODORANT STICK \$1.25  
SPRAY COLOGNE \$2.50  
GIFT SETS \$3.75 to \$9.50

© MCM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

## COLLEGE STUDENTS: HERE'S HOW

you can earn substantial amounts of money yet invest only a small amount of time. Represent Time Inc. on campus, selling **TIME**, **LIFE** and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** at special student rates.

WRITE FOR DETAILS  
TIME INC. COLLEGE BUREAU, TIME & LIFE BLDG.  
ROCKEFELLER CENTER N.Y. N.Y. 10020

## pep up your car add Casite

at your service station



Tired of  
smoking  
matches?  
Try **BOND STREET**.  
Tastes great!  
Stays lit!



## ONLY SURE, FAST WAY HULL AUTO COMPASS

Highway route signs often have a missing ingredient—geographic direction. Only sure, fast way to tell right from opposite is with accurate, portable Hull Compass. At dealers or write for literature.

Hull—The Compass That Works  
HULL, HFR, CO., Box 246 SL 8 Warren, Ohio 44482



# What does it cost to develop leaders? A lot!

Tuition fees and tax funds cover only a part of educational costs of the colleges. Higher education must make up the difference with voluntary giving—from alumni, business, friends. Their generous gifts keep quality in education, keep leaders in training. Give to the college of your choice.

## COLLEGE IS AMERICA'S BEST FRIEND



## TEXAS BILLY *continued*

Billy told her he didn't play for less than \$5. She finally got up the \$5 and he beat her and then beat someone else. Billy said that in Pasco, Wash. a man wanted to play him for \$50 just to say he played a hustler. "He talked it over with his wife," Billy said. "I know you play for a lot more," the man said, "but won't you please play me for \$50?"

Jean had to be back at Econo-Color the next night, so Billy drove her to the airport in L.A. Then he took off for the Jolly Jug, where there was going to be a shuffleboard tournament between teams representing the Jug and the Headhunters.

"I heard you got every 50¢ player around playing for \$5," a Headhunter in a black team shirt said to Billy.

"Want to play for \$20?" Billy said.

"No, but thanks for the compliment," the man said.

"Let's pitch," Billy said to Popeye, a kid playing eight-ball.

"I don't pitch cheap," Popeye said.

"Twenty a pop," Billy said.

"I'm playing eight-ball for \$30," Popeye said.

"But look how long it's taking you," said Billy.

"Twenty against the wall?" Popeye said.

"Let's go out in the street and pitch against a line," Billy said.

"I can't play both at the same time," Popeye said. "Shake dice?"

"I'll arm-wrestle you for \$20."

"Look at that arm," said Popeye, showing Billy a skinny arm.

The next day Billy left to go up north with a shuffleboard player named Cable Car Denny and a 19-year-old pool player Denny was backing.

"He would be all right," Billy said about the pool player, "but he feels he needs something to help him stay awake."

Billy wasn't too sure where Cable Car Denny was taking him.

"Whenever they want to take you somewhere and won't tell you the name of the town," Billy said, "the money's there." He eased off his shoes. "As long as I can get a little game, a little play," he said, "I don't care where I am." ■



# Kodel®

*the vital fiber* for durable-press corduroy



CONE corduroy with KODEL roars around town with the great new look in durable-press slacks—"Polycore"™ thick 'n thin wale corduroy of Kodel polyester and cotton. Supercharged colors: buckskin, moss green, astro blue and camel as shown. Sizes 28-36. Made to sell for about \$8. Move fast with the extra stamina of Kodel—add this winner to your slack wardrobe now. By **WRIGHT SLACKS**. At fine stores.

COUNT ON KODEL... MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., 280 MADISON AVE., N.Y., N.Y. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or garments.

# First down. Five to go.



**Beer after beer, the choicest product of the brewers' art.<sup>®</sup> Everywhere.**

FALSTAFF BREWING CORP. ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI CHAM. NEW GREENY. CHAM. BOLD. MT. WATSON. CHAM. BOLD. EL PASO. CHAM. BOLD. W.A.

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

**SOXON** (7-3), with Carl Yastrzemski hitting three homers and Jerry Stephenson and Gary Bell winning twice, moved into the league lead for the first time in 18 years. Right Fielder José Tantiabull helped keep the Red Sox there by throwing out Ken Berry at home plate for the final out of a 4-3 victory. Center Fielder Ted Uhlander of MINNESOTA (5-4) made a spectacular over-the-fence catch of a would-be two-run homer in Cleveland, which helped preserve a victory. Harmon Killebrew, who had not hit a home run in 72 at bats, bashed two of them to beat the Tigers 4-3 and 4-2. (The Tigers had won the first three games of their series.) Killebrew also came through with his annual triple—he has had one a year in each of the past four seasons. It came in the 10th inning and helped the Twins beat the Indians 6-5. The two leading starters for CHICAGO (5-5)—Gary Peters and Joe Horlen—both faltered, but rookies Stan Jones and Fred Klages and retrained Wilbur Wood were winners. Peters, though, came back to beat the Red Sox 1-0 in 11 innings. Manager Eddie Stanky berated sportswriters "all over the country" mainly because they have been saying his team is dull. "The day the White Sox clinch the pennant, we'll lock the clubhouse door for an hour," Stanky added. Earl Wilson of CINCINNATI (5-3) brought his record to 18-9 with two wins, and rookie John Hiller pitched his second shutout in a row to lift the Tigers to just a game and a half off the lead. "Maybe," said Manager Mayo Smith, "the race is just starting." Fritz Peterson of ninth-place NEW YORK (5-4), who had won just three games all year, stopped the White Sox on two hits. And Bill Monbouquette, a two-game winner, beat the White Sox 5-0. Pennant hopes faded in WASHINGTON (2-7), but the Sena-

tors did win twice in the ninth inning, first on a sacrifice fly by Paul Casanova and then on a two-run, pinch-hit homer by Fred Valentine. BALTIMORE (3-2) was rained out of three games against CALIFORNIA (3-2) and thus far has had 28 games either delayed or postponed by inclement weather. The Angels set a club record by getting 25 hits in a 16-5 win over CLEVELAND (3-5). Homers by Joe Azcue and Chuck Hinton helped the Indians beat the Angels 3-2 and 2-1. KANSAS CITY (2-5) fans supported the players in the aftermath of the explosive situation that led to the firing of Manager Alvin Dark by Owner Charlie Finley a week ago. They hanged Finley in effigy and carried assorted banners denouncing him. Said one sign: LEAVE THE A'S IN KANSAS CITY AND MOVE FINLEY TO SEATTLE.

Standings: MIL 7-5 SE 7-5 CH 7-5  
ST 5-7 DET 7-5 CAL 5-2 WASH 4-9 BOS 4-9  
NY 4-7 BAL 3-7 CLE 3-5 KAN 2-5

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

**ST LOUIS** (4-4, page 22) maintained its strong grip on first place despite a pair of 2-1 defeats by the lowly Dodgers, an 11-4 loss to the even lower Astros and a 6-0 beating in SAN FRANCISCO (5-5). That was one of four straight shutouts involving the Giants. The others—all of which the Giants lost—were pitched by Nelson Briles and Dick Hughes of the Cardinals and Jim Maloney of CINCINNATI (5-3), who was pitching his best ball of the season. Willie Mays of the Giants, speaking this season with the witfulness that has replaced his enthusiasm, said, "This winter I think I will go to Acapulco, play golf and just be around." Juan Marchal's plans for taking it easy were more immediate. After rejoining his left leg while pitching for the first time in 24 days, he said, "I think that is all for this

year." Richie Allen of PHOENIX (7-0) was seriously injured and is through until 1968. While trying to get his stalled car going, Allen pushed his right hand through a headlight and suffered two severed tendons. After five hours of surgery a doctor said that it might be six months before it would be known how much use Allen would have of the hand and whether he would be able to play again. Yet the Phillies climbed from sixth place to third as Rick Wise pitched two shutouts and Jim Bunning and Larry Jackson one each. Ferguson Jenkins of CHICAGO (2-2) became so upset when he was plunked twice during batting practice that he stalked off the field, showered and was ready to go home. He was talked into staying but, alas, there was no storybook ending. Jenkins and the slumping Cubs lost to PITTSBURGH (2-5). The Pirates scored only five runs in their next six games and barely kept LOS ANGELES (5-3) from taking over seventh place. Strong pitching by Bill Singer and Claude Osteen, each of whom had a shutout, revitalized the Dodgers. Singer, who has won seven in a row now, was accused by ATLANTA (3-7) of throwing spitters. Brave Pitcher Ken Johnson asked for a new rent bag when he went to the mound in the fifth because, as he put it, "It [the original rent bag] was so wet from all his [Singer's] juice that I couldn't dry my hands on it." Rust helped sagging NEW YORK (0-4), winning out three straight possible defeats. Mike Cuellar of HOUSTON (4-4) won his 12th game, Dave Giusti his 11th and Jim Wynn hit his 30th homer, but it was Bo Beltrich who made the record book. He unloosed his 15th wild pitch of the year, a new high for the Astros.

Standings: STL 8-5 CH 7-5 PH 6-7  
SF 5-7 DET 7-5 NY 4-7  
PIT 4-6 L.A. 3-6 BOS 3-7

## HIGHLIGHT

Just how hectic the American League pennant race has become can be seen in the standings at the night. They reflect the events of last Friday night when, in the space of a few hours, the top three teams took turns being first, second and third. The merry-go-round started at 3:30 p.m. in Cleveland, where the Twins and Indians began a doubleheader. The Twins moved into second place by winning 6-5 in 10 innings. The Red Sox, with Jim Lonborg winning his 17th game, beat the White Sox 7-1 in the first of two games in Chicago, and that win boosted the Red Sox into first place—for a couple of hours. But the shuffling of positions continued as both the Twins and White Sox won the concluding games of the night by 2-1 scores

Doug Chance of the Twins walked the first two men he faced and wild-pitched across a run in the opening inning of the second game in Cleveland. From then on, though, he was superb. He went into the ninth with a 2-1 lead and a no-hitter. With one down, Chuck Hinton of the Indians hit a slow roller up the middle. Chance took a pretfall as he tried to field the ball, but Second Baseman Rod Carew made a fine pickup and threw out the runner at first base. Chance then got Tony Horton on a grounder for the final out and his second hitless game in 19 days. (On August 6 he had pitched a five-inning, run-above-average perfect game against the Red Sox.) It was almost midnight when Ken Berry of the White Sox came through with a game-winning single that realigned the standings once again, though not for the last time during the week.

6:00 P.M.	W	L	Pct	GB
CHICAGO	69	54	.561	—
BOSTON	70	55	.560	—
MINNESOTA	69	55	.556	.5

9:00 P.M.	W	L	Pct	GB
BOSTON	71	55	.563	—
MINNESOTA	70	55	.560	.5
CHICAGO	69	55	.556	1

MIDNIGHT	W	L	Pct	GB
MINNESOTA	71	55	.563	—
CHICAGO	70	55	.560	.5
BOSTON	71	56	.559	.5

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASEBALL—JAPAN**, with Masahito Murohara, 29-year-old night hunder, pitching a three-hitter, won the Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa. for the first time in the 16-year history of the tournament, as the West Tokyo team defeated Roseland North of Chicago 4-1 in the final game.

Pitcher Randy Moffitt, the 18-year-old brother of World War II aviator Billie Jean King, LONG BEACH is a 6-2 win over Portland, Ore. in the final of the Central Mexico League World Series in Farmington, N. Mex., while in Anchorage, Alaska, NEW GREENS shut out Lewiston, Ala. 4-0 to win the Babe Ruth League World Series.

**BOATING** ENTREPRO was selected to defend the America's Cup against Australian challenger *Dave Patten* (page 26).

**FRANCE** almost equaled the 1-5-5 Class world championships by taking eight of the first nine places in winning croquet tournament and René Moncy accumulated 34 points for the five-race series in La Baule, France.

**U.S. Merchant Marine** Middleman CHARLIE BARTHOLOP won the North American Singlehanded Championship at Great South Bay, Long Island with a high total of 160 points.

**SANJOY DOUGLASS** of Oakland 44, the designer of the Flying Scot Class boat, totaled a low of 204 points to be the nearest rival of Edith Moore of New York, by 345, points for his 46th North American Flying Scot Class Championship in new years, in Montreal.

Teaching Professor Bob Moschberger going into the final race Skipper RUDOLPH FRIEDRICH JR., a 21-year-old stockbroker from New Orleans, retained his North American Dragon Class championship when he finished the four-race series in Toronto with three firsts and a third.

Britain's brother team of Charles and James Gardner guided their powerboat SURFERY to a 1-3-35 victory over the 18-mile course from Cowes to Torquay, England in the seventh international offshore race.

**CHESS** Defending on titleholder PAUL BENKO of New York (16-11 beat Howard Edward Vaino in a 35-move final round to win the U.S. Open Championship at the American House in Atlanta. Benko, 41, Arizona State of Los Angeles, who was used for the lead going over the last round, scored a 1050-105, one and one-half second place.

**GOLF**—With three consecutive birdies on the last three holes, BOB SMITH 24, of Sacramento defeated former NCAA Champion Marty Finkelman 1 and 1 for his second Western Amateur Championship in three years, in Rancho Santa.

**HARNESS RACING**—Finner's International, Twin spring, *Requiem*, came in first in the all-around half Gold Division of the \$25,000 Challenge Cup at Remsen, racing but was disqualified for interference and placed sixth in the No. 2 Starter, PERFECT FLIGHT (51:60), driven by Art Dennis, was declared the winner by a neck over Oscar L.

**HORSE RACING**—Brakea Buza rode Wheatley's *Master's Pleasure* (35) in his fourth victory in an eight-day series, and his second stakes win, with a head victory over Royal Tiger in the 10-and-a-half-furlong \$44,975 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga (page 10).

Three days earlier at Saratoga, Ogden Phipps's beaten GLEN OF THE STALE (53:40) with Bradea Buza aboard, posted his 4th straight victory while the defeated Diamond Path by half a length in the stakes record time of 1:10 1/2 in six furlongs 100,575 Sportsman's Sprint for 2-year-olds fillies.

**HOTEL SPORTS**—Armed Jack IRVINGHAM, thirteen-year-old winner of the world driving championship, drove within nine points of leader Denis Hulse of New Zealand for the 1967 title when he drove his self-designed Irvingham Regatta to a 1-01 win over runner-up Hulse in the 25th Canadian Grand Prix in Montreal, Que., Can.

**ROWING**—THE NEW ZEALAND heavyweight crew, winners in the North American championships two weeks ago, moved to a flat 3-0-0 victory over the 10-man crew of Philadelphia, defeating Harvard in three-quarters of a length for the U.S. championship. Earlier, the Down Under four-man crew, competing for the first time, edged the Aussie Hebert crew by less than a second.

**SOCCER**—NIPAL In the last week of regular-season play BALTIMORE (16-2), the Eastern Division champion, was defeated by Pittsburgh, 3-2, while PHILADELPHIA (15-7) clinched second place with 2-1 victories over Oakland and New York. NEW YORK (14-7) tied and lost one. ATLANTA (15-7) won one and PITTSBURGH (15-5), in last place, won one in the Western Division. champion OAKLAND (18-5) dropped back in games to Philadelphia 2-1 and ATLANTA 1-0. LOUIS (15-6) earned second place by tying Toronto 4-4 and beating Chicago 2-1 before the third largest crowd of the season (13,841), while CHICAGO (14-7) posted a 3-1 tie with New York before losing to 30. LOUIS TORONTO (12-7) slipped the cellar by tying St. Louis and edging Los Angeles in a 1-0 tie. Los Angeles Dussch scored in three goals to become the league's leading scorer with 16 goals and eight assists for 44 points—five more ahead of Chicago's Willie Roy. LOS ANGELES (11-7), with a loss to Toronto, finished in last place.

**SOFTBALL**—THE RAYBESTOS BRACKETTES of Stratford, Conn. successfully defended their national women's fast-pitch title by defeating the Redwood City (Calif.) Bulls 4-0 on June 20 in a one-hour title that also awarded a home run in the final in Stratford. It was the Brackettes' sixth championship in 18 years.

**SQUASH**—Aston GREGORY HUNT, 25, gained the first International Squash Rackets Federation Singles Championship by beating Canadian Nishanur 9-3, 9-2, 9-0 in the all-Australian final in Melbourne.

**SWIMMING**—ADA KOK, of The Netherlands, broke the women's 200-meter and 220-yard butterfly marks with a time of 2:21.0 at a dual meet with Botolph in Blackpool, England. Then, posted by Miss Kik, a Dutch swimmer of Cebu Bay, Kikar Broek and Nel Bos swam to a 440-yard medley relay world record of 4:28.1.

**TRAPSHOOTING**—HERMAN WELCH, a 46-year-old General Motors factory foreman from Pennsylvania, III, competing in his first Grand American Championship, hit a perfect 100 straight targets from the 30-yard line to win first-place money of \$12,000 for the hard-fought division at Vandalia, Ohio, beating Nara Kurosaki of Kansas City by one point. The Champion of Champions title went to Mattman SONTY HEWES, who blasted 100 consecutive targets, plus 123 more in a shootoff with Edgar Kile, to win by one point. In the women's double event, Kikar of Kansas posted 100 straight targets—the first time in the 56-year history of the event—but in the overall shootoff, Broek edged Kile 28-18 for the championship.

**WATER POLO**—Defending Champion NORTH LAKES VIRGINIA AQUATIC CLUB finished unbeaten in the round-robin final in Wilmington, Del. to take the National AAU Women's Championship over runner-up Wilmington Aquatic Club.

**MILPARKS**—DIED MIKE McKEEVER 27 former All-American guard at USC of brain aneurysm suffered in an automobile accident December 3, 1965, in Menlo Park, Calif.

**GEO**—Executive vice-president and public relations director of the Baltimore Orioles HARRY HEFF, 42, of a cerebral blood clot, in Baltimore. He formerly had been the P.R. man for the Washington Senators, Minnesota Twins and the New York Mets.

## CREDITS

4—James Kennedy 12, 13—Hans Schindler 14, 15—Tara Tait 16—Hans Schindler 17—Greg Gorman 18—Hans Schindler 19—Greg Gorman 20—Hans Schindler 21—Greg Gorman 22—Hans Schindler 23—Greg Gorman 24—Hans Schindler 25—Greg Gorman 26—Hans Schindler 27—Greg Gorman 28—Hans Schindler 29—Greg Gorman 30—Hans Schindler 31—Greg Gorman 32—Hans Schindler 33—Greg Gorman 34—Hans Schindler 35—Greg Gorman 36—Hans Schindler 37—Greg Gorman 38—Hans Schindler 39—Greg Gorman 40—Hans Schindler 41—Greg Gorman 42—Hans Schindler 43—Greg Gorman 44—Hans Schindler 45—Greg Gorman 46—Hans Schindler 47—Greg Gorman 48—Hans Schindler 49—Greg Gorman 50—Hans Schindler 51—Greg Gorman 52—Hans Schindler 53—Greg Gorman 54—Hans Schindler 55—Greg Gorman 56—Hans Schindler 57—Greg Gorman 58—Hans Schindler 59—Greg Gorman 60—Hans Schindler 61—Greg Gorman 62—Hans Schindler 63—Greg Gorman 64—Hans Schindler 65—Greg Gorman 66—Hans Schindler 67—Greg Gorman 68—Hans Schindler 69—Greg Gorman 70—Hans Schindler 71—Greg Gorman 72—Hans Schindler 73—Greg Gorman 74—Hans Schindler 75—Greg Gorman 76—Hans Schindler 77—Greg Gorman 78—Hans Schindler 79—Greg Gorman 80—Hans Schindler 81—Greg Gorman 82—Hans Schindler 83—Greg Gorman 84—Hans Schindler 85—Greg Gorman 86—Hans Schindler 87—Greg Gorman 88—Hans Schindler 89—Greg Gorman 90—Hans Schindler 91—Greg Gorman 92—Hans Schindler 93—Greg Gorman 94—Hans Schindler 95—Greg Gorman 96—Hans Schindler 97—Greg Gorman 98—Hans Schindler 99—Greg Gorman 100—Hans Schindler 101—Greg Gorman 102—Hans Schindler 103—Greg Gorman 104—Hans Schindler 105—Greg Gorman 106—Hans Schindler 107—Greg Gorman 108—Hans Schindler 109—Greg Gorman 110—Hans Schindler 111—Greg Gorman 112—Hans Schindler 113—Greg Gorman 114—Hans Schindler 115—Greg Gorman 116—Hans Schindler 117—Greg Gorman 118—Hans Schindler 119—Greg Gorman 120—Hans Schindler 121—Greg Gorman 122—Hans Schindler 123—Greg Gorman 124—Hans Schindler 125—Greg Gorman 126—Hans Schindler 127—Greg Gorman 128—Hans Schindler 129—Greg Gorman 130—Hans Schindler 131—Greg Gorman 132—Hans Schindler 133—Greg Gorman 134—Hans Schindler 135—Greg Gorman 136—Hans Schindler 137—Greg Gorman 138—Hans Schindler 139—Greg Gorman 140—Hans Schindler 141—Greg Gorman 142—Hans Schindler 143—Greg Gorman 144—Hans Schindler 145—Greg Gorman 146—Hans Schindler 147—Greg Gorman 148—Hans Schindler 149—Greg Gorman 150—Hans Schindler 151—Greg Gorman 152—Hans Schindler 153—Greg Gorman 154—Hans Schindler 155—Greg Gorman 156—Hans Schindler 157—Greg Gorman 158—Hans Schindler 159—Greg Gorman 160—Hans Schindler 161—Greg Gorman 162—Hans Schindler 163—Greg Gorman 164—Hans Schindler 165—Greg Gorman 166—Hans Schindler 167—Greg Gorman 168—Hans Schindler 169—Greg Gorman 170—Hans Schindler 171—Greg Gorman 172—Hans Schindler 173—Greg Gorman 174—Hans Schindler 175—Greg Gorman 176—Hans Schindler 177—Greg Gorman 178—Hans Schindler 179—Greg Gorman 180—Hans Schindler 181—Greg Gorman 182—Hans Schindler 183—Greg Gorman 184—Hans Schindler 185—Greg Gorman 186—Hans Schindler 187—Greg Gorman 188—Hans Schindler 189—Greg Gorman 190—Hans Schindler 191—Greg Gorman 192—Hans Schindler 193—Greg Gorman 194—Hans Schindler 195—Greg Gorman 196—Hans Schindler 197—Greg Gorman 198—Hans Schindler 199—Greg Gorman 200—Hans Schindler 201—Greg Gorman 202—Hans Schindler 203—Greg Gorman 204—Hans Schindler 205—Greg Gorman 206—Hans Schindler 207—Greg Gorman 208—Hans Schindler 209—Greg Gorman 210—Hans Schindler 211—Greg Gorman 212—Hans Schindler 213—Greg Gorman 214—Hans Schindler 215—Greg Gorman 216—Hans Schindler 217—Greg Gorman 218—Hans Schindler 219—Greg Gorman 220—Hans Schindler 221—Greg Gorman 222—Hans Schindler 223—Greg Gorman 224—Hans Schindler 225—Greg Gorman 226—Hans Schindler 227—Greg Gorman 228—Hans Schindler 229—Greg Gorman 230—Hans Schindler 231—Greg Gorman 232—Hans Schindler 233—Greg Gorman 234—Hans Schindler 235—Greg Gorman 236—Hans Schindler 237—Greg Gorman 238—Hans Schindler 239—Greg Gorman 240—Hans Schindler 241—Greg Gorman 242—Hans Schindler 243—Greg Gorman 244—Hans Schindler 245—Greg Gorman 246—Hans Schindler 247—Greg Gorman 248—Hans Schindler 249—Greg Gorman 250—Hans Schindler 251—Greg Gorman 252—Hans Schindler 253—Greg Gorman 254—Hans Schindler 255—Greg Gorman 256—Hans Schindler 257—Greg Gorman 258—Hans Schindler 259—Greg Gorman 260—Hans Schindler 261—Greg Gorman 262—Hans Schindler 263—Greg Gorman 264—Hans Schindler 265—Greg Gorman 266—Hans Schindler 267—Greg Gorman 268—Hans Schindler 269—Greg Gorman 270—Hans Schindler 271—Greg Gorman 272—Hans Schindler 273—Greg Gorman 274—Hans Schindler 275—Greg Gorman 276—Hans Schindler 277—Greg Gorman 278—Hans Schindler 279—Greg Gorman 280—Hans Schindler 281—Greg Gorman 282—Hans Schindler 283—Greg Gorman 284—Hans Schindler 285—Greg Gorman 286—Hans Schindler 287—Greg Gorman 288—Hans Schindler 289—Greg Gorman 290—Hans Schindler 291—Greg Gorman 292—Hans Schindler 293—Greg Gorman 294—Hans Schindler 295—Greg Gorman 296—Hans Schindler 297—Greg Gorman 298—Hans Schindler 299—Greg Gorman 300—Hans Schindler 301—Greg Gorman 302—Hans Schindler 303—Greg Gorman 304—Hans Schindler 305—Greg Gorman 306—Hans Schindler 307—Greg Gorman 308—Hans Schindler 309—Greg Gorman 310—Hans Schindler 311—Greg Gorman 312—Hans Schindler 313—Greg Gorman 314—Hans Schindler 315—Greg Gorman 316—Hans Schindler 317—Greg Gorman 318—Hans Schindler 319—Greg Gorman 320—Hans Schindler 321—Greg Gorman 322—Hans Schindler 323—Greg Gorman 324—Hans Schindler 325—Greg Gorman 326—Hans Schindler 327—Greg Gorman 328—Hans Schindler 329—Greg Gorman 330—Hans Schindler 331—Greg Gorman 332—Hans Schindler 333—Greg Gorman 334—Hans Schindler 335—Greg Gorman 336—Hans Schindler 337—Greg Gorman 338—Hans Schindler 339—Greg Gorman 340—Hans Schindler 341—Greg Gorman 342—Hans Schindler 343—Greg Gorman 344—Hans Schindler 345—Greg Gorman 346—Hans Schindler 347—Greg Gorman 348—Hans Schindler 349—Greg Gorman 350—Hans Schindler 351—Greg Gorman 352—Hans Schindler 353—Greg Gorman 354—Hans Schindler 355—Greg Gorman 356—Hans Schindler 357—Greg Gorman 358—Hans Schindler 359—Greg Gorman 360—Hans Schindler 361—Greg Gorman 362—Hans Schindler 363—Greg Gorman 364—Hans Schindler 365—Greg Gorman 366—Hans Schindler 367—Greg Gorman 368—Hans Schindler 369—Greg Gorman 370—Hans Schindler 371—Greg Gorman 372—Hans Schindler 373—Greg Gorman 374—Hans Schindler 375—Greg Gorman 376—Hans Schindler 377—Greg Gorman 378—Hans Schindler 379—Greg Gorman 380—Hans Schindler 381—Greg Gorman 382—Hans Schindler 383—Greg Gorman 384—Hans Schindler 385—Greg Gorman 386—Hans Schindler 387—Greg Gorman 388—Hans Schindler 389—Greg Gorman 390—Hans Schindler 391—Greg Gorman 392—Hans Schindler 393—Greg Gorman 394—Hans Schindler 395—Greg Gorman 396—Hans Schindler 397—Greg Gorman 398—Hans Schindler 399—Greg Gorman 400—Hans Schindler 401—Greg Gorman 402—Hans Schindler 403—Greg Gorman 404—Hans Schindler 405—Greg Gorman 406—Hans Schindler 407—Greg Gorman 408—Hans Schindler 409—Greg Gorman 410—Hans Schindler 411—Greg Gorman 412—Hans Schindler 413—Greg Gorman 414—Hans Schindler 415—Greg Gorman 416—Hans Schindler 417—Greg Gorman 418—Hans Schindler 419—Greg Gorman 420—Hans Schindler 421—Greg Gorman 422—Hans Schindler 423—Greg Gorman 424—Hans Schindler 425—Greg Gorman 426—Hans Schindler 427—Greg Gorman 428—Hans Schindler 429—Greg Gorman 430—Hans Schindler 431—Greg Gorman 432—Hans Schindler 433—Greg Gorman 434—Hans Schindler 435—Greg Gorman 436—Hans Schindler 437—Greg Gorman 438—Hans Schindler 439—Greg Gorman 440—Hans Schindler 441—Greg Gorman 442—Hans Schindler 443—Greg Gorman 444—Hans Schindler 445—Greg Gorman 446—Hans Schindler 447—Greg Gorman 448—Hans Schindler 449—Greg Gorman 450—Hans Schindler 451—Greg Gorman 452—Hans Schindler 453—Greg Gorman 454—Hans Schindler 455—Greg Gorman 456—Hans Schindler 457—Greg Gorman 458—Hans Schindler 459—Greg Gorman 460—Hans Schindler 461—Greg Gorman 462—Hans Schindler 463—Greg Gorman 464—Hans Schindler 465—Greg Gorman 466—Hans Schindler 467—Greg Gorman 468—Hans Schindler 469—Greg Gorman 470—Hans Schindler 471—Greg Gorman 472—Hans Schindler 473—Greg Gorman 474—Hans Schindler 475—Greg Gorman 476—Hans Schindler 477—Greg Gorman 478—Hans Schindler 479—Greg Gorman 480—Hans Schindler 481—Greg Gorman 482—Hans Schindler 483—Greg Gorman 484—Hans Schindler 485—Greg Gorman 486—Hans Schindler 487—Greg Gorman 488—Hans Schindler 489—Greg Gorman 490—Hans Schindler 491—Greg Gorman 492—Hans Schindler 493—Greg Gorman 494—Hans Schindler 495—Greg Gorman 496—Hans Schindler 497—Greg Gorman 498—Hans Schindler 499—Greg Gorman 500—Hans Schindler 501—Greg Gorman 502—Hans Schindler 503—Greg Gorman 504—Hans Schindler 505—Greg Gorman 506—Hans Schindler 507—Greg Gorman 508—Hans Schindler 509—Greg Gorman 510—Hans Schindler 511—Greg Gorman 512—Hans Schindler 513—Greg Gorman 514—Hans Schindler 515—Greg Gorman 516—Hans Schindler 517—Greg Gorman 518—Hans Schindler 519—Greg Gorman 520—Hans Schindler 521—Greg Gorman 522—Hans Schindler 523—Greg Gorman 524—Hans Schindler 525—Greg Gorman 526—Hans Schindler 527—Greg Gorman 528—Hans Schindler 529—Greg Gorman 530—Hans Schindler 531—Greg Gorman 532—Hans Schindler 533—Greg Gorman 534—Hans Schindler 535—Greg Gorman 536—Hans Schindler 537—Greg Gorman 538—Hans Schindler 539—Greg Gorman 540—Hans Schindler 541—Greg Gorman 542—Hans Schindler 543—Greg Gorman 544—Hans Schindler 545—Greg Gorman 546—Hans Schindler 547—Greg Gorman 548—Hans Schindler 549—Greg Gorman 550—Hans Schindler 551—Greg Gorman 552—Hans Schindler 553—Greg Gorman 554—Hans Schindler 555—Greg Gorman 556—Hans Schindler 557—Greg Gorman 558—Hans Schindler 559—Greg Gorman 560—Hans Schindler 561—Greg Gorman 562—Hans Schindler 563—Greg Gorman 564—Hans Schindler 565—Greg Gorman 566—Hans Schindler 567—Greg Gorman 568—Hans Schindler 569—Greg Gorman 570—Hans Schindler 571—Greg Gorman 572—Hans Schindler 573—Greg Gorman 574—Hans Schindler 575—Greg Gorman 576—Hans Schindler 577—Greg Gorman 578—Hans Schindler 579—Greg Gorman 580—Hans Schindler 581—Greg Gorman 582—Hans Schindler 583—Greg Gorman 584—Hans Schindler 585—Greg Gorman 586—Hans Schindler 587—Greg Gorman 588—Hans Schindler 589—Greg Gorman 590—Hans Schindler 591—Greg Gorman 592—Hans Schindler 593—Greg Gorman 594—Hans Schindler 595—Greg Gorman 596—Hans Schindler 597—Greg Gorman 598—Hans Schindler 599—Greg Gorman 600—Hans Schindler 601—Greg Gorman 602—Hans Schindler 603—Greg Gorman 604—Hans Schindler 605—Greg Gorman 606—Hans Schindler 607—Greg Gorman 608—Hans Schindler 609—Greg Gorman 610—Hans Schindler 611—Greg Gorman 612—Hans Schindler 613—Greg Gorman 614—Hans Schindler 615—Greg Gorman 616—Hans Schindler 617—Greg Gorman 618—Hans Schindler 619—Greg Gorman 620—Hans Schindler 621—Greg Gorman 622—Hans Schindler 623—Greg Gorman 624—Hans Schindler 625—Greg Gorman 626—Hans Schindler 627—Greg Gorman 628—Hans Schindler 629—Greg Gorman 630—Hans Schindler 631—Greg Gorman 632—Hans Schindler 633—Greg Gorman 634—Hans Schindler 635—Greg Gorman 636—Hans Schindler 637—Greg Gorman 638—Hans Schindler 639—Greg Gorman 640—Hans Schindler 641—Greg Gorman 642—Hans Schindler 643—Greg Gorman 644—Hans Schindler 645—Greg Gorman 646—Hans Schindler 647—Greg Gorman 648—Hans Schindler 649—Greg Gorman 650—Hans Schindler 651—Greg Gorman 652—Hans Schindler 653—Greg Gorman 654—Hans Schindler 655—Greg Gorman 656—Hans Schindler 657—Greg Gorman 658—Hans Schindler 659—Greg Gorman 660—Hans Schindler 661—Greg Gorman 662—Hans Schindler 663—Greg Gorman 664—Hans Schindler 665—Greg Gorman 666—Hans Schindler 667—Greg Gorman 668—Hans Schindler 669—Greg Gorman 670—Hans Schindler 671—Greg Gorman 672—Hans Schindler 673—Greg Gorman 674—Hans Schindler 675—Greg Gorman 676—Hans Schindler 677—Greg Gorman 678—Hans Schindler 679—Greg Gorman 680—Hans Schindler 681—Greg Gorman 682—Hans Schindler 683—Greg Gorman 684—Hans Schindler 685—Greg Gorman 686—Hans Schindler 687—Greg Gorman 688—Hans Schindler 689—Greg Gorman 690—Hans Schindler 691—Greg Gorman 692—Hans Schindler 693—Greg Gorman 694—Hans Schindler 695—Greg Gorman 696—Hans Schindler 697—Greg Gorman 698—Hans Schindler 699—Greg Gorman 700—Hans Schindler 701—Greg Gorman 702—Hans Schindler 703—Greg Gorman 704—Hans Schindler 705—Greg Gorman 706—Hans Schindler 707—Greg Gorman 708—Hans Schindler 709—Greg Gorman 710—Hans Schindler 711—Greg Gorman 712—Hans Schindler 713—Greg Gorman 714—Hans Schindler 715—Greg Gorman 716—Hans Schindler 717—Greg Gorman 718—Hans Schindler 719—Greg Gorman 720—Hans Schindler 721—Greg Gorman 722—Hans Schindler 723—Greg Gorman 724—Hans Schindler 725—Greg Gorman 726—Hans Schindler 727—Greg Gorman 728—Hans Schindler 729—Greg Gorman 730—Hans Schindler 731—Greg Gorman 732—Hans Schindler 733—Greg Gorman 734—Hans Schindler 735—Greg Gorman 736—Hans Schindler 737—Greg Gorman 738—Hans Schindler 739—Greg Gorman 740—Hans Schindler 741—Greg Gorman 742—Hans Schindler 743—Greg Gorman 744—Hans Schindler 745—Greg Gorman 746—Hans Schindler 747—Greg Gorman 748—Hans Schindler 749—Greg Gorman 750—Hans Schindler 751—Greg Gorman 752—Hans Schindler 753—Greg Gorman 754—Hans Schindler 755—Greg Gorman 756—Hans Schindler 757—Greg Gorman 758—Hans Schindler 759—Greg Gorman 760—Hans Schindler 761—Greg Gorman 762—Hans Schindler 763—Greg Gorman 764—Hans Schindler 765—Greg Gorman 766—Hans Schindler 767—Greg Gorman 768—Hans Schindler 769—Greg Gorman 770—Hans Schindler 771—Greg Gorman 772—Hans Schindler 773—Greg Gorman 774—Hans Schindler 775—Greg Gorman 776—Hans Schindler 777—Greg Gorman 778—Hans Schindler 779—Greg Gorman 780—Hans Schindler 781—Greg Gorman 782—Hans Schindler 783—Greg Gorman 784—Hans Schindler 785—Greg Gorman 786—Hans Schindler 787—Greg Gorman 788—Hans Schindler 789—Greg Gorman 790—Hans Schindler 791—Greg Gorman 792—Hans Schindler 793—Greg Gorman 794—Hans Schindler 795—Greg Gorman 796—Hans Schindler 797—Greg Gorman 798—Hans Schindler 799—Greg Gorman 800—Hans Schindler 801—Greg Gorman 802—Hans Schindler 803—Greg Gorman 804—Hans Schindler 805—Greg Gorman 806—Hans Schindler 807—Greg Gorman 808—Hans Schindler 809—Greg Gorman 810—Hans Schindler 811—Greg Gorman 812—Hans Schindler 813—Greg Gorman 814—Hans Schindler 815—Greg Gorman 816—Hans Schindler 817—Greg Gorman 818—Hans Schindler 819—Greg Gorman 820—Hans Schindler 821—Greg Gorman 822—Hans Schindler 823—Greg Gorman 824—Hans Schindler 825—Greg Gorman 826—Hans Schindler 827—Greg Gorman 828—Hans Schindler 829—Greg Gorman 830—Hans Schindler 831—Greg Gorman 832—Hans Schindler 833—Greg Gorman 834—Hans Schindler 835—Greg Gorman 836—Hans Schindler 837—Greg Gorman 838—Hans Schindler 839—Greg Gorman 840—Hans Schindler 841—Greg Gorman 842—Hans Schindler 843—Greg Gorman 844—Hans Schindler 845—Greg Gorman 846—Hans Schindler 847—Greg Gorman 848—Hans Schindler 849—Greg Gorman 850—Hans Schindler 851—Greg Gorman 852—Hans Schindler 853—Greg Gorman 854—Hans Schindler 855—Greg Gorman 856—Hans Schindler 857—Greg Gorman 858—Hans Schindler 859—Greg Gorman 860—Hans Schindler 861—Greg Gorman 862—Hans Schindler 863—Greg Gorman 864—Hans Schindler 865—Greg Gorman 866—Hans Schindler 867—Greg Gorman 868—Hans Schindler 869—Greg Gorman 870—Hans Schindler 871—Greg Gorman 872—Hans Schindler 873—Greg Gorman 874—Hans Schindler 875—Greg Gorman 876—Hans Schindler 877—Greg Gorman 878—Hans Schindler 879—Greg Gorman 880—Hans Schindler 881—Greg Gorman 882—Hans Schindler 883—Greg Gorman 884—Hans Schindler 885—Greg Gorman 886—Hans Schindler 887—Greg Gorman 888—Hans Schindler 889—Greg Gorman 890—Hans Schindler 891—Greg Gorman 892—Hans Schindler 893—Greg Gorman 894—Hans Schindler 895—Greg Gorman 896—Hans Schindler 897—Greg Gorman 898—Hans Schindler 899—Greg Gorman 900—Hans Schindler 901—Greg Gorman 902—Hans Schindler 903—Greg Gorman 904—Hans Schindler 905—Greg Gorman 906—Hans Schindler 907—Greg Gorman 908—Hans Schindler 909—Greg Gorman 910—Hans Schindler 911—Greg Gorman 912—Hans Schindler 913—Greg Gorman 914—Hans Schindler 915—Greg Gorman 916—Hans Schindler 917—Greg Gorman 918—Hans Schindler 919—Greg Gorman 920—Hans Schindler 921—Greg Gorman 922—Hans Schindler 923—Greg Gorman 924—Hans Schindler 925—Greg Gorman 926—Hans Schindler 927—Greg Gorman 928—Hans Schindler 929—Greg Gorman 930—Hans Schindler 931—Greg Gorman 932—Hans Schindler 933—Greg Gorman 934—Hans Schindler 935—Greg Gorman 936—Hans Schindler 937—Greg Gorman 938—Hans Schindler 939—Greg Gorman 940—Hans Schindler 941—Greg Gorman 942—Hans Schindler 943—Greg Gorman 944—Hans Schindler 945—Greg Gorman 946—Hans Schindler 947—Greg Gorman 948—Hans Schindler 949—Greg Gorman 950—Hans Schindler 951—Greg Gorman 952—Hans Schindler 953—Greg Gorman 954—Hans Schindler 955—Greg Gorman 956—Hans Schindler 957—Greg Gorman 958—Hans Schindler 959—Greg Gorman 960—Hans Schindler 961—Greg Gorman 962—Hans Schindler 963—Greg Gorman 964—Hans Schindler 965—Greg Gorman 966—Hans Schindler 967—Greg Gorman 968—Hans Schindler 969—Greg Gorman 970—Hans Schindler 971—Greg Gorman 972—Hans Schindler 973—Greg Gorman 974—Hans Schindler 975—Greg Gorman 976—Hans Schindler 977—Greg Gorman 978—Hans Schindler 979—Greg Gorman 980—Hans Schindler 981—Greg Gorman 982—Hans Schindler 983—Greg Gorman 984—Hans Schindler 985—Greg Gorman 986—Hans Schindler 987—Greg Gorman 988—Hans Schindler 989—Greg Gorman 990—Hans Schindler 991—Greg Gorman 992—Hans Schindler 993—Greg Gorman 994—Hans Schindler 995—Greg Gorman 996—Hans Schindler 997—Greg Gorman 998—Hans Schindler 999—Greg Gorman 1000—Hans Schindler 1001—Greg Gorman 1002—Hans Schindler 1003—Greg Gorman 1004—Hans Schindler 1005—Greg Gorman 1006—Hans Schindler 1007—Greg Gorman 1008—Hans Schindler 1009—Greg Gorman 1010—Hans Schindler 1011—Greg Gorman 1012—Hans Schindler 1013—Greg Gorman 1014—Hans Schindler 1015—Greg Gorman 1016—Hans Schindler 1017—Greg Gorman 1018—Hans Schindler 1019—Greg Gorman 1020—Hans Schindler 1021—Greg Gorman 1022—Hans Schindler 1023—Greg Gorman 1024—Hans Schindler 1025—Greg Gorman 1026—Hans Schindler 1027—Greg Gorman 1028—Hans Schindler 1029—Greg Gorman 1030—Hans Schindler 1031—Greg Gorman 1032—Hans Schindler 1033—Greg Gorman 1034—Hans Schindler 1035—Greg Gorman 1036—Hans Schindler 1037—Greg Gorman 1038—Hans Schindler 1039—Greg Gorman 1040—Hans Schindler 1041—Greg Gorman 1042—Hans Schindler 1043—Greg Gorman 1044—Hans Schindler 1045—Greg Gorman 1046—Hans Schindler 1047—Greg Gorman 1048—Hans Schindler 1049—Greg Gorman 1050—Hans Schindler 1051—Greg Gorman 1052—Hans Schindler 1053—Greg Gorman 1054—Hans Schindler 1055—Greg Gorman 1056—Hans Schindler 1057—Greg G

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## OYSTER STEW

Sirs:

While I was traveling on vacation, a Wisconsin relative showed me your Aug. 14 edition containing the article, *Dredging Up a Texas Squabble*, in which I am quoted briefly. Your article is unique because you have given more coverage to shell dredging in Galveston Bay than the local dailies have given during my three years in the Texas legislature.

Those of us who are concerned are undyingly grateful to you.

ED J. HARRIS  
Texas House of Representatives  
Lake Mills, Wis.

Sirs:

Fredrick Simmons' comments about using oyster-shell roads to beautify the landscape (19TH HOLE, Aug. 21) remind me of the asinine comment I made when we first moved to Raceland, La. along Bayou Lafourche—"Aren't those water hyacinths lovely?" I found out later that these lovely flowers were an expensive navigational hazard. If Mr. Simmons had to buy new auto tires to replace those cut by shell roads and cope with bits of shell tracked into the house, scratching floors and providing traps for unwary bare feet, he'd have second thoughts about them. What is more, shells thrown from passing car wheels have the velocity of a bullet, and their target is usually the windshield or the headlight of the car on the other side of the picturesque but deadly two-lane highway. Give me lovely, smooth concrete anytime.

MRS. TROY E. SULLIVAN  
New Orleans

## TIME TO REAP

Sirs:

Congratulations to Mark Mulvey on his fantastic story about our beloved Red Sox (*For me it's Reward*, Aug. 21). We Red Sox fans have been waiting patiently for an article on our team. In October I hope that Mr. Yawkey will be nice enough to reserve a World Series ticket for Mr. Mulvey.

CHRISTOPHER SHORT  
Swansea, Mass.

Sirs:

For years Boston fans were told that there were great young prospects in the minor league farm system. It seems that finally the rumors are turning out. As Mr. Mulvey pointed out, much of the Red Sox's success this year has been attributable to Manager Dick Williams. Williams held a key position in the Red Sox farm system at Toronto. Along with his young players, he seems to have learned his job well.

So, while the young Gary Nolen and other teen-age hoishots represent one facet of baseball success, the story of the Red Sox represents another—that of seasoning in the minors. If continued, the success of the Red Sox will be a testimonial to Branch Rickey's innovation of the farm system.

JOHN BISHOP  
Schenectady

Sirs:

The fabulous Bosox certainly make a person feel glad to be alive. At long last it looks like a vintage year in Bostown.

PAUL J. PEARTER  
Sewart AFB, Tenn.

## SPOTLESS WINNIEPEE

Sirs:

I am confident you are concerned with the preservation of the reputation of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I, therefore, wish to draw to your attention the Pan-Am article appearing in your publication (*The Winning Ways of Winnipeg*, Aug. 7). On very rare occasions do I receive the flood of complaints I received over this article. There are millions of others who are aware that the story published creates a distorted impression and, above all, is not based on facts.

Your reputable publication refers to my establishing a committee to bid for the 1976 Olympics, and I quote: "A nice enthusiasm, that, but not a practical one for a town of only half a million people and a spotty economy (the wheat crop this summer has been cut sharply by drought)." The true fact is that a committee has been named, headed by Justice Brian Dickson, to report on the advisability of considering a bid for the 1976 Olympics. The "spotty economy" is anything but a true reflection, and the reference to a wheat crop drought in all probability is barroom talk.

I must register strong objection to the false description created by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

STEPHEN J. VAN  
Major  
Winnipeg, Man.

## IRISH ARTISTRY

Sirs:

Hurrah for your fine feature on the finesp sport in the world—hurling—and boo to you, too, for the "bloody" pictures you picked to illustrate it (*The Gentle Irish*, Aug. 28). Hurling is a tough game. But in almost 30 years of watching it, I've heard of only two serious injuries.

Joseph Carroll is to be congratulated for exploring the social aspects of hurling to the point of reaching the Dublin jockey's attitude toward his kiltie cousins and their

hurling. But it is a pity you used a photograph of a Kilkenny player showing more muscle than any Kilkenny men are cherished for their style in a game that values speed and skill far above weight and toughness. Topflight hurlers have to be switch hitters and able to play a ball to and from practically 360° of the compass—by hand, using the hurley, on the ground or in the air—and all in a split second, because there's always an opponent only a step away.

Hurling has more strokes than all other sports combined. It involves so many strokes that it is impossible to try to analyze or coach them. The first manual on hurling was written only a few years ago by Tony Wall, an Irish army man serving with the U.N. forces in Cyprus, who will play for Tipperary against Kilkenny in this year's All-Ireland final on Sep. 3.

It is a pity that hurling will never become widespread, even in Ireland, any more than another fine sport, lacrosse, will in America. But if Beethoven can survive with a limited audience, I suppose hurling and lacrosse can, too.

EUGENE G. DOWNEY  
New York City

## SUMSPOTS

Sirs:

Your article on the Eagle-Jet game (*Flamingo Tempers on Wild Exhibition*, Aug. 28) again reflected your total lack of acceptance of the AFL as equal to the NFL. "Perhaps the major difference between the two teams, and indeed the two leagues, is defense," you say. On Aug. 23 the great NFL Chicago defense held the invincible Green Bay Packers to less than 20 points yielded 66 points to the AFL's Kansas City Chiefs. Yes, Vince Lombardi and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, there is an AFL. Just ask George Hulas.

HIRE LANGER  
Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs:

Your acknowledgment of the Denver Broncos' win over the Detroit Lions (and the first victory of the AFL over the NFL) was captioned "Paper Lions" (SCOREBOARD, Aug. 14) and attempted to attribute this "upset" to the Lions' overconfidence. To what do you attribute the Minnesota Vikings' 14-9 loss to the Broncos? To the high altitude or to the sumspots?

Instead of finding excuses for NFL losses, why don't you honor AFL wins? The Broncos won both games with an offense that capitalized on its opportunities and a defense that for eight quarters held the NFL opposition to one touchdown and three field goals. The time has come for you, too, to recognize that the AFL teams "have not only

continued

# EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,  
Time & Life Building,  
Rockefeller Center,  
New York, New York 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes Time, LIFE, FORTUNE, and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heskell, Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen, Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes, Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Comptroller, John F. Hursey; Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Bernhard M. Auer, Rhet Austell, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, Charles L. Gleason Jr., John L. Halberbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney L. James, Arthur W. Keylor, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Pallen Jr., James R. Shepley, Garry Valk; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messenger; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough.

## Sports Illustrated SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

**1** To write about your subscription change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint, or renewal, address: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. *Charles A. Adams, Vice President. Attach present address label on those below. This will help us identify you quickly and accurately.*

**2** To order a new subscription check box ☐ new, ☐ renewal. Use form below for your address. Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** at address given above. Rates: Continental U.S.—\$7 (34.95 Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands)—\$11 (35.00). No money returned anywhere in the world. ☐ 1 yr./\$4.00.

### ATTACH LABEL HERE WITH ALL INQUIRIES:

When you are away, please give us five weeks notice. Print your name and new address and Zip Code number below and mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE** at address given above. Please note your telephone number below.

Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip Code
Telephone Number		

10TH HOLE continued

come to stay, they have come to play" and to give them positive credit for doing so.

PETER F. BREITENSTEIN

Denver

### AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

Sirs:

The bloody trouble with Derek Morgan ("I Want My Bloody Game Back," Aug. 28) is that he apparently did not bother to go see an American soccer match in the new National Professional Soccer League. He formed his impressions from the bloody telly. He's absolutely correct about the way television has fouled up the game with phony injuries and minute-long waits for goal kicks (one game this season had two goals scored while commercials were on). American fans and the press have been screaming to no avail about the same thing.

But before writing off the entire American soccer experiment, why not give it the five or so years NPSL officials say it is going to take to get the game really rolling here? Already the NPSL game is vastly superior to any soccer that has been played in the U.S. on a regularly scheduled basis. It can only get better as players from diverse points of the world learn to blend their styles of play. From the start to the end of this year's season, the improvement was constant and astonishingly noticeable.

No one's taken your game away, Mr. Morgan. We just want to share it.

LOWELL E. SUNDBERG

Baltimore

Sirs:

I have written to you many times before about our Baltimore heroes—the Orioles, Colts, Clippers and Ballets—in the hope that you would publish one of my biased letters. But you won't. Could it be bad breath? Athlete's foot? It is August, and the Baltimore Boys and Oakland Clippers are running away from their respective NPSL divisions by mountainous margins, yet you refuse to give soccer any more space than that of the breath-taking, spine-tingling sport of Ping-Pong. My magazine was open to the FOR THE RECORD page and a fly was standing on the gigantic space you reserved for soccer. I squashed him, but I had to borrow my friend's copy of SI, because the fly was spread all over the only soccer news in the issue. If you don't start printing articles on soccer, I am going to burn all my remaining issues of SI. Since my subscription runs through December 1988, I won't have any trouble keeping warm this year or next.

ALAN GREENBERG

Pikesville, Md

### THE KID

Sirs:

Kudos for the sparkling piece on Ted Williams (*Going Fishing with The Kid*, Aug.

21). John Underwood portrays Williams' warmth and effervescence far better than most of the "knights of the keyboard" ever managed to do.

For me, as I suspect, for many, Ted Williams was baseball. If some task prevented my listening or viewing when the Red Sox were on radio or TV, my parents were charged to call me when Ted came to bat. Our family vacation trips peculiarly coincided with the arrival of the Red Sox in AL cities, where Williams' batting wizardry almost always rewarded. Greatest hitter ever? A hearty "amen" from this corner.

It comes as no great surprise that The Kid is as much a champion and sportsman in fishing as he was in baseball.

JOHN D. UNKUH JR.

Freeman, S. Dak.

### TIME TO REFLECT

Sirs:

Thank you for your picturesque article, *A Long Day in a Boy's World* (Aug. 21). Though I am only a teen-ager, I have not embarked upon a day of adventure for quite some time. It seems that I, like most people, am just too busy in this jet age to take time off and enjoy the serenity of tranquil streams and rich green forests. When I was small I used to go to the Indiana Dunes and lose myself in the thick and stunning woods that only God could create, passing the time thinking about the earth-shaking problems of a little boy. Thanks for the memories.

BOB SHAEVEL

Gary, Ind.

### POETIC JUSTICE

Sirs:

Regarding your recent article on the musk ox (*The Golden Shono of the Barren Lands*, July 17 and *SCORECARD*, July 24), it seems suitable to mention Marianne Moore's poem, *The Arctic Ox* (or Goat), on the subject of this friendly beast. Here is a random sample:

To wear the arctic fox  
you have to kill it. Wear  
quilt—the underbelly of the arctic ox—  
padded off it like a sweater,  
your coat is warm, your conscience, her-  
ter . . .

It swirls of water, nothing else,  
and becomes goatlike on  
hard legs. Its great distinction  
is not epicurean sweet  
but that it is intelligent. . . .

Lying in an exposed spot,  
basking in the blizzard,  
these ponderous could dominate  
the rare-hair market in Karshon and yet  
you could not have a choicer pet. . . .

JOHN McHALE

New York City

*Break out the  
frosty bottle, boys,  
and keep your  
tonics dry!*



DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W & A GILBEY, LTD. DIST. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N.Y.C. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

# The Longhorns come to Marlboro Country!



New gold pack—extra long partner to Famous Marlboro Red.

The "Longhorns"—New Marlboro 100's. Big gold pack.  
Big flavor, too! Extra long, so you can  
spend a little more time in Marlboro Country.

# NEW MARLBORO 100's